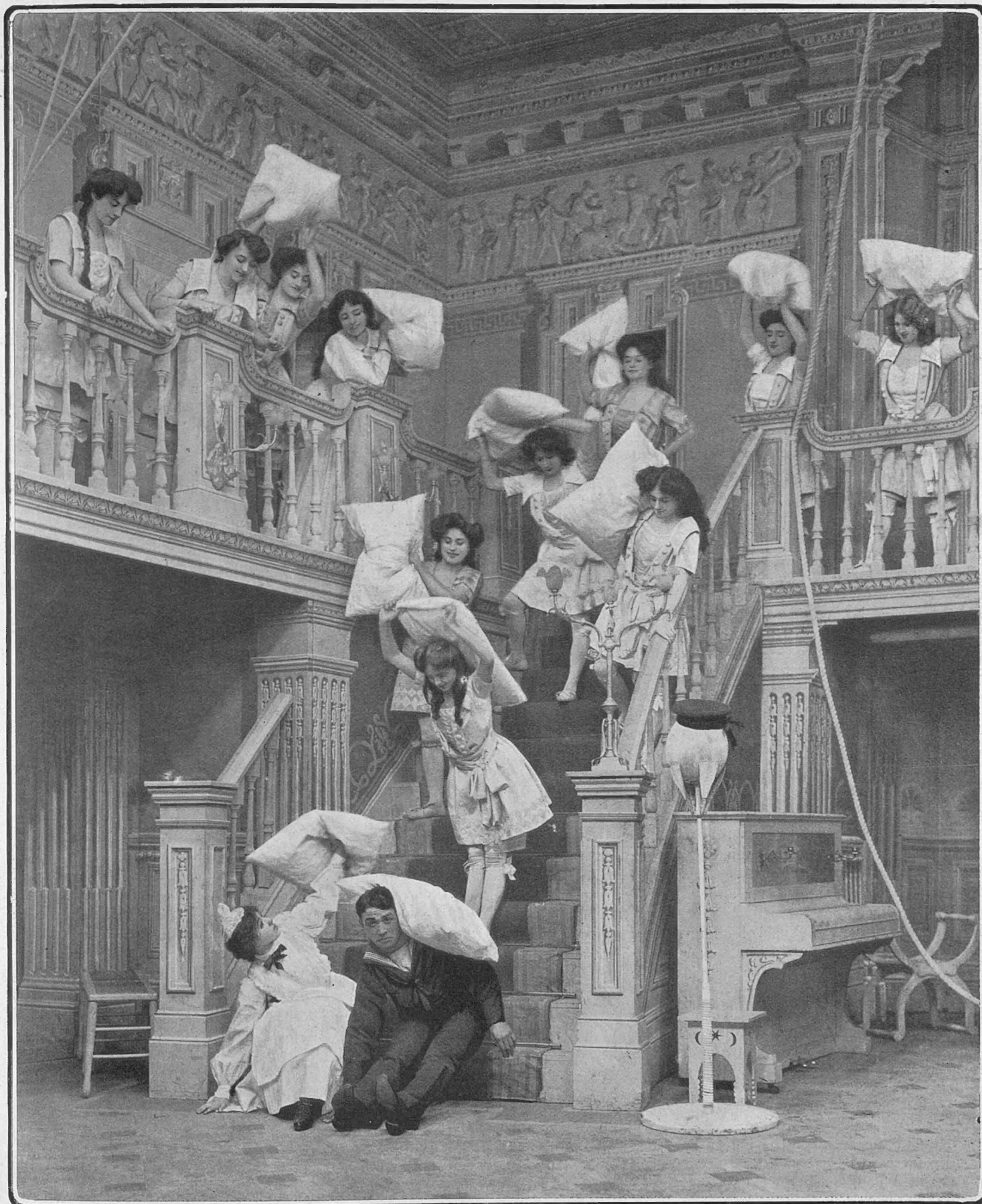


The Sketch

No. 693.—Vol. LIV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1906.

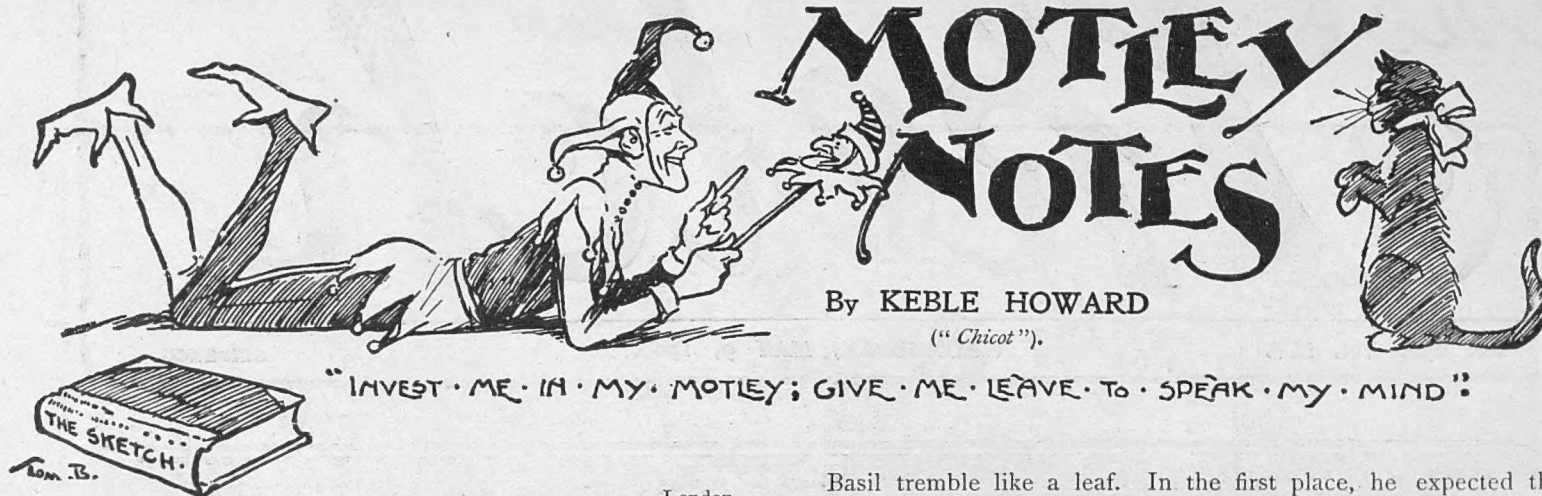
SIXPENCE.



Eliza (Miss Gracie Leigh). Joe Mivens (Mr. Dan Rolyat).

"THE DAIRYMAIDS," AT THE APOLLO: THE PUPILS AT MISS PYECHASE'S ACADEMY
SURPRISE JOE MIVENS AND ELIZA.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



I WONDER when, if ever, those dear, vindictive-looking people who drive motor-omnibuses will believe that their first care should be the safety of the public. On a certain afternoon last week I met a lady, an old friend, in Northumberland Avenue. Her face was ghastly white and her hand was bleeding from a severe cut.

"What in the world is the matter?" said I.

"Oh," she replied, "nothing much. I've just been in a motor-omnibus smash."

I should explain that she is the kind of girl whom the gay Lord Quex would describe as "a good plucked 'un." After tea, she described the incident in this way.

"We had a nice, clear stretch of road, and I suppose the driver wanted to make the most of it. At any rate, he put on a tremendous spurt, and the 'bus began to sway from side to side. We were approaching an 'island,' and he seemed uncertain whether to go to the right or left of it. The left, his proper side, was quite clear, but on the right there was a hansom, coming towards us. To my astonishment, he swerved off to the right, smashed into the hansom, turned it completely round, upset it, horse and all, and then we pulled up. I was the only inside passenger, and all the broken glass came over me in a shower."

"What did you do?"

"I got out, and ran to see if there was anything the matter with the cab-horse. Luckily, the poor dear was all right. I told the conductor what a fool of a driver he'd got, and then pushed my way through the crowd and walked off."

"You should have taken the name of the company and the number of the 'bus," I told her. "They mustn't frighten people, and smother them with broken glass, and cut their hands without paying for it."

If these lines happen to meet the eye of that "fool of a driver," I hope he will feel bitterly repentant.

For some reason or another, drivers of motor-omnibuses seem to be agreed—at any rate, most of them—that everybody on board is in a violent hurry, especially when the traffic is particularly thick. This very morning I came across another "fool of a driver." A motor-omnibus was coming down Regent Street with the usual swing. Just in front of it there was a covered van. The driver of the omnibus, impatient as ever, tried to pass the van on the left—that is to say, he tried to get between the van and the pavement. A splendid notion—if there had been room. But there wasn't. He ran into the curb, and had to pull up altogether. The people inside and outside the 'bus were alarmed, the 'bus itself was injured, and the man in charge of the van chuckled all the way to Piccadilly Circus. I am sorry to have been so serious over the matter, and at such length, but the interests of the public must be remembered. Personally, no motor-'bus or motor-car can ever go too fast for me when the road is clear. But the man who drives recklessly in a crowded thoroughfare is a fool and a bounder. I am dead against "ragging" for various reasons, but in this case I think I would even countenance that.

Talking of motor-cars reminds me that a friend of mine owes his happy marriage to his skill in driving. We will call him Basil, if you don't mind, and the lady may be known as Julia. They were still disengaged, you see, when this little incident occurred, but that was not Julia's fault. The person to blame was Basil, who seemed to be always on the verge of proposing, but never quite did it.

As a matter of fact, he was afraid. To save her life he would gladly have rushed into a burning house, or stopped a runaway horse, or jumped off a cliff; but the mere thought of proposing made poor

Basil tremble like a leaf. In the first place, he expected that he would get horribly red in the face. Again, she might laugh: Basil is so sensitive. Besides, in books and plays—the only things that any man can go by—fellows always pick their words so well. Basil can ride, and box, and drive a motor with anybody, but the English language eludes him.

All the same, he did propose. Julia says she will never, never forget it. It happened in a motor-car. He was driving; she was sitting beside him. There were people at the back, but, at anything over fifty miles an hour, the people at the back don't matter.

Julia, quite unconsciously, gave him the opportunity. "How funny you look!" she screamed. "I can see nothing but your eyes!"

"More can I!" bellowed Basil.

They were dropping into a valley at the moment, and Basil had time to think. If she could see nothing but his eyes, blushes need have no terror for him. But how should he keep her from laughing?

In the far distance, just beyond a very narrow bridge, he could make out something that looked like a wagon. It was even betting whether the car or the wagon reached the bridge first. Basil glanced again at Julia. He guessed, quite correctly, that she was calculating the chances of a smash.

"Mind the bridge!" she shouted. Her nerves were sound, but the car seemed to be going faster and faster.

"Good!" thought Basil. "She's in a funk. She won't laugh. I shall never get a better chance than this."

"I say!" he roared. The indicator stood at a mere sixty miles an hour. An unimaginative manufacturer of indicators had not allowed for the eccentricities of Basil.

"What?" she howled. "Do mind that wagon!"

"Will you marry me? I love you."

"What? For Heaven's sake——!"

"I—love—you! Will—you—marry—me?"

They were right on to the wagon. The terrified carter was dragging at the bridle of the leader.

"Yes, yes, yes!" shrieked Julia.

The people at the back, frightened and angry, told him that they had missed the wagon by the hundredth of an inch.

"I didn't like to run it any finer," Basil explained.

A writer in the *Sunday Magazine*, determined to be fashionable, has been having her little slap at women. One would have supposed that all the nasty things that could be said about the sex had already been printed; but it seems, according to the writer in the *Sunday Magazine*, that "no woman ever has the feelings of a gentleman." Why should she have? Sunday, of course, is the day we set apart for saying unkind things to each other, and I presume, therefore, that the best place for home truths is the *Sunday Magazine*. But, as a mere male, it does seem rather a pity to me that women, having accused their own sex of every failing under the sun, should now "round on them" for not having the "feelings of a gentleman." Poor, harassed dears! As for men, mind you, they are splendid. "Without honour, as men conceive it, there is no authority for conduct except the pinch of hunger and the waywardness of fancy. Without the trust which men repose in one another's honour, we should have to revert to the Stone Age." And again: "Every man is a friend until he proves himself an enemy. In the world of women nothing is taken for granted but emulation." Stay! It has just occurred to me, dense creature that I am, that people "write sarcastic" in the *Sunday Magazine*. Surely, the little bit about every man regarding a stranger as a friend is a gem of sarcasm! Humbly do I apologise.

"CASTLES IN SPAIN."



MR. JOHNNY DANVERS AS
PAUL F. STANFORD,
& MISS MAY DE SOUSA
AS VIOLET.



MISS KITTY LINDLEY
AS YVONNE.

MISS IRMA DE LANGLOIS
AS SUZETTE.



MISS MASSINGBIRD
AS A GITANA.



MR. IVO DAWSON AS SENOR TERRARO
& MESSRS. ESPINOSA, FRANCIS HOWARD, & ROGER ALWYN
AS JOSE, RODRIGO, & PEPITO.



MISS NOËL NEVILLE
AS GERMAINE.



MISS MABEL NELSON
AS LA CHIQUITA.

MR. JOHNNY DANVERS
AS PAUL F. STANFORD.

MR. IVO DAWSON
AS SENOR TERRARO.



MISS MABEL NELSON
AS LA CHIQUITA.

CHARACTERS FROM THE NEW COMIC OPERA AT THE ROYALTY.

Photographs by Bassano.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Incognito of Kings and Queens—Little Adventures of Great Personages—Covadonga—"Open-All-Night" Banks—Father Sherman.

RARELY have there been so many Kings and Queens and other royal personages moving incognito about Europe as there were last week. The Duke of Lancaster, the Countess of Chester, the Conde of Covadonga are but three of the many great people cloaked by minor titles who have been enjoying for a brief period the pleasurable sensation of living as irresponsibly as do their own subjects. Kings or Queens or Royal Princes travelling without suites and becoming for the time ordinary tourists always have more adventures and get into more petty difficulties than any ordinary individual, for they are so accustomed to have all their wishes forestalled and every movement arranged for that for them to call a cab or enlist the services of Mr. Cook's man at a foreign railway station becomes a matter of almost insuperable difficulty.

I have seen a lady of imperial rank sitting in a railway carriage at a terminus, not knowing in the least what move to make next, but enjoying herself hugely. She had played truant for the day, had been on an excursion entirely by herself, and at the close of it, missing the little group of people with their hats off ready to conduct her to a carriage, she was uncertain what to do. Luckily, a watchful Consul who had an inkling of what would happen was on the spot, and without betraying the slightest knowledge of the identity of the lady, saw her safely into a hack-cab.

Another occasion on which I was a witness of the difficulties of Princes travelling as simple people was in Spain. In a big garden not open to the public, but shown to visitors by the gardener, I saw a little group of people standing, evidently much perplexed, the bowing gardener being in the background. The patent fact was that a very great personage indeed and his wife and his daughters wished to tip their courteous guide, and found themselves without a peseta. They were so used to having an aide-de-camp in attendance carrying a purse that it had never occurred to any of them that it was necessary to put some money in their pockets before going out sight-seeing unaccompanied. The look of relief on four royal faces when somebody appeared from whom they could borrow some small coins was amusing to see.

The sovereign which the Duke of Covadonga gave to a hansom cabman showed how royalties are apt to disregard the minor coinage of the realms they visit. The most perplexed prince in incognito I have ever heard of was one who, travelling alone for the first time, stayed in a country house. It occurred to him during the afternoon, as he sat in the smoking-room, that he would like a

cup of tea, but how to get this was a problem he could not solve. He had been accustomed all his life to have a valet seated just outside the door, who came at once if called, but outside the smoking-room door there was only an empty hall. His hostess entered and found him confronted with his difficulty. Her suggestion that he should ring the bell came to him as quite a revelation.

The title "the Conde of Covadonga," King Alfonso's travelling-name, is as old as Christian Spain. Covadonga is a place of

pilgrimage situated at a most uncomfortable distance from Oviedo, for it takes two hours of railway journey to reach it, and Spanish trains always seem to start from everywhere at uncomfortable hours, with the result that an ordinary day's excursion generally takes two days to accomplish. There is an abbey at Covadonga, from which a flight of steps runs up to a cave, the Cave of Adullam of the Asturias, for here Pelayo gathered together three hundred followers, and with them commenced the reconquest of Spain from the Moors. The tombs of Pelayo and of his wife, Gaudiosa, and his sister, Hormesinda, are shown to the enterprising tourists who visit the cave, and there is nothing else for them to see there.

A suggestion has been made that a bank on the new American "open-all-night" lines should be established in London. It would, I am sure, be a misfortune to London. In the City business is done in Throgmorton Street after the Stock Exchange has closed its doors;

but even the most ardent business man forgets prices when he dresses for dinner, and only thinks of them again when he opens his paper in the morning. It is not so in New York. At some of the big hotels "up town" which the stockbrokers frequent almost as much business is done after the theatres have closed their doors at night as is done in the daytime, and Broadway is busier at eleven o'clock at night than it is at four in the afternoon. This feverish anxiety to make money quickly is responsible for all the nervous ailments from which so many Americans suffer. An Englishman wears out more slowly than an American does, because he sometimes during waking hours gives his brain a rest.

It takes a long time for the bitterness left by a war to die out, certainly not less than half a century. The outburst of anger in the Southern United States at Father Sherman's progress, with an escort of cavalry, along the line his father took when he devastated Georgia proves this. "When we go marching through Georgia" is one of the finest march-songs ever written, and British regiments tramping along the green lanes of England sing it without any knowledge of what that terrible march meant to the people of Georgia. The explanation given at Washington that the two officers and eight enlisted men who began the journey with Father Sherman were sent to study on the spot General Sherman's Civil War operations shows that there are "Circumlocution Offices" in America as well as in Great Britain.



AN ELABORATE METHOD OF FIGHTING SEA-SICKNESS.

Our illustration shows an apparatus invented by Herr Paul Kappmeier, of Altkloster, and designed to prevent sea-sickness. It consists of a head-binding that is kept damp, and is maintained at a regular temperature by means of an electric current. The compression brings the blood back from the stomach, where it goes in case of mal-de-mer, to its proper place, the brain, and this does away with the main cause of sea-sickness.

Photograph supplied by H. Hamilton.



Lord Charles Innes-Ker.

A DUKE'S SON WHO WAS ARRESTED IN THE STREET: LORD CHARLES JOHN INNES-KER, WHO BROUGHT AN ACTION FOR DAMAGES FOR ALLEGED MALICIOUS PROSECUTION AGAINST MR. ERNEST GIDEON SMITH.

Lord Charles John Innes-Ker, son of the sixth Duke of Roxburghe, brought an action for damages for alleged malicious prosecution against Mr. Ernest Gideon Smith, corn merchant, of Bridge Mills, Wallington, and Mr. W. Wood, solicitor, of George Street, Croydon. The hearing began on May 2, and it was stated in evidence that in January of last year Lord Charles was arrested in the open street on the charge of obtaining credit to the extent of over £20 without disclosing the fact that he was an undischarged bankrupt, and was taken to the Carshalton Police Station.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

A TALK WITH MR. TREE

By Raymond Blathwayt.

MOST people know Mr. Tree as a marvellous exponent of varied specimens of the human race. They think of him as the charming, wearied, worn-out man of fashion in *The Dancing Girl*—the Duke of Guisebury; or they see him again as the weird, bizarre, and treacherous Svengali. Some see him as the gentle and introspective Hamlet, others recall him as the fat knight, Falstaff, but a Falstaff who, contrary to many representations of him, was always a gentleman; or once again he is to a great number of people Isidore Izard, the semi-Jew financier in *Business is Business*; but whatever he is—a Knight of the Middle Ages, an Emperor of Imperial Rome, a business man of the Twentieth Century—he invariably succeeds in casting out his own strong, vigorous, and fascinating personality and replacing it by that of a character which he evolves frequently, if not invariably, from his own curiously alert and agile imagination. Without a doubt the public recognise in him—as does the majority of the dramatic profession—the legitimate successor to Sir Henry Irving, God rest his gallant soul!

But perhaps Mr. Tree's most remarkable characteristic is his unique capacity for humour. He always contrives to see the humorous side of a subject. And this is balanced, naturally enough, by his wonderful capacity for pathos.

It was on books I had come to talk, and not so much on matters dramatic, though naturally and appropriately enough they crept in now and again.

I placed before Mr. Tree the whole scheme of The International Library, showing him as far as I was able how it was absolutely international and cosmopolitan in its character.

He was much interested in its remarkable editorship, and greatly impressed by the skill with which all classes of authors were incorporated. He at once seized upon the wide scope of the undertaking, and the vivid and actual manner in which it took up the many phases of the life artistic, political, social, scientific, and religious.

"Naturally," said Mr. Tree, "I regard the Library first from the point of my profession, as, I expect, do all those whom you consult on the matter, for everybody starts from his own standpoint. An ecclesiastic, I fancy, would deal with it from a theological point of view; a Labour member would have very strong views upon it as a force in the upraising of the masses; Lord Roberts would not be indifferent to its military matter, of which there is evidently a plentiful supply. Well, I am delighted to note that it is extremely rich in the plays and dramas of all time. I see they have John Hookham Frere's translation of *The Knights of Aristophanes*, and some of the finest scenes from the great French and English masters—Racine, Corneille, Dumas fils, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Sheridan, and Goldsmith. Lessing is included, and Maeterlinck's article on 'Le Drame Moderne' is written in his usual charming style. By the bye, I hear he has just finished, although it is not yet published, a very charming play entitled *L'Oiseau Bleu*.

"Ah! and they have some capital illustrations of dramatic representations," he went on, as he drew my attention to Frith's clever scene from *The Good-natured Man*, "and that picture by Mélingue of Molière reading to his players is wonderfully good—upon my word, it might be Stephen Phillips reading *Nero* to us in this very room."

I happened to allude to Don Quixote's encounter with the Windmills, which is told so graphically in the Library.

With his usual mental agility Tree turned the topic in the light of a very up-to-date twentieth-century sun. "Ah!" he replied, "George Bernard Shaw appears to me to be the nearest approach to the spirit actuating Cervantes, though at times he appears to be rather Sancho Panza, masquerading in his master's clothes and poking fun at the Windmills.

"I must say that, if only from my professional point of view, I very much approve of this great enterprise of 'Lloyd's Weekly News.' It is

distinctly a gain to the community at large to include excerpts from such works of dramatic literature as well as from ordinary prose or poetry. It gives the idea of the social conditions of life at the different times and epochs, and the plays put them into the terse and eloquent language of vivid actuality and life, instead of mere literary phraseology. And there is another point which specially appeals to me," he continued, a slight smile flickering across his very expressive features as he spoke, "and it is this. The International Library, under the admirable editorship of Dr. Garnett, makes a very delightful means of 'skipping' the authors, without doing violence to one's conscience.

"My literary conscience does not compel, or even allow, me to read every page of a book.

"Nothing will help the class on top to be in reality the upper class so much as good literature, and that is where this Library may turn out to be one of the great social and political factors of the future.

"I am much impressed by this Library. It means great things nationally in the future.

"A year or so ago I was addressing a large audience in the East-End. And I said to them that what I thought was the great requirement of the age was a school for happiness. Well, now, the International Library strikes me as helping to carry out that ideal. For such a Library must bring with it a vast amount of happiness. And, after all, the great aim of every human life is to attain happiness."

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But it is important that you should send at once. We cannot execute any orders posted after July 9. But the enormous edition we prepared is diminishing so rapidly that it may not last out until that date. And after our edition is exhausted it will be impossible to buy the Library at any price, or on any terms.

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Photo. by Alfred Ellis and Watery.

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CHARING CROSS	dep.	11 ⁴⁰	TUNBRIDGE WELLS	dep.	11 20
	"	10 ⁴⁵	(Changing at Tonbridge.)		
WATERLOO	"	11 ⁴²	HASTINGS	"	9 5
	"	10 ⁴⁷	DEAL	"	11 50
LONDON BRIDGE	"	11 ⁴⁷	MARGATE SANDS	"	10 30
NEW CROSS	"	10 ⁵²		"	10 30
	"	11 0	RAMSGATE TOWN	"	11 10
ASHFORD	"	8 30		"	10 42
	"	10	CANTERBURY WEST	"	11 20
RED HILL	"	12 55		"	11 10
EDENBRIDGE	"	9 29	DOVER TOWN	"	12 0
PENSHURST	"	8 23	FOLKESTONE JUNCTION	"	10 20
SEVENOAKS (Tub's H.)	"	8 32	FOLKESTONE CENTRAL	"	10 31
MAIDSTONE EAST	"	11 31	SHORNCLEIFE	"	10 36
TONBRIDGE	"	10 34		"	10 40
	"	11 45			

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

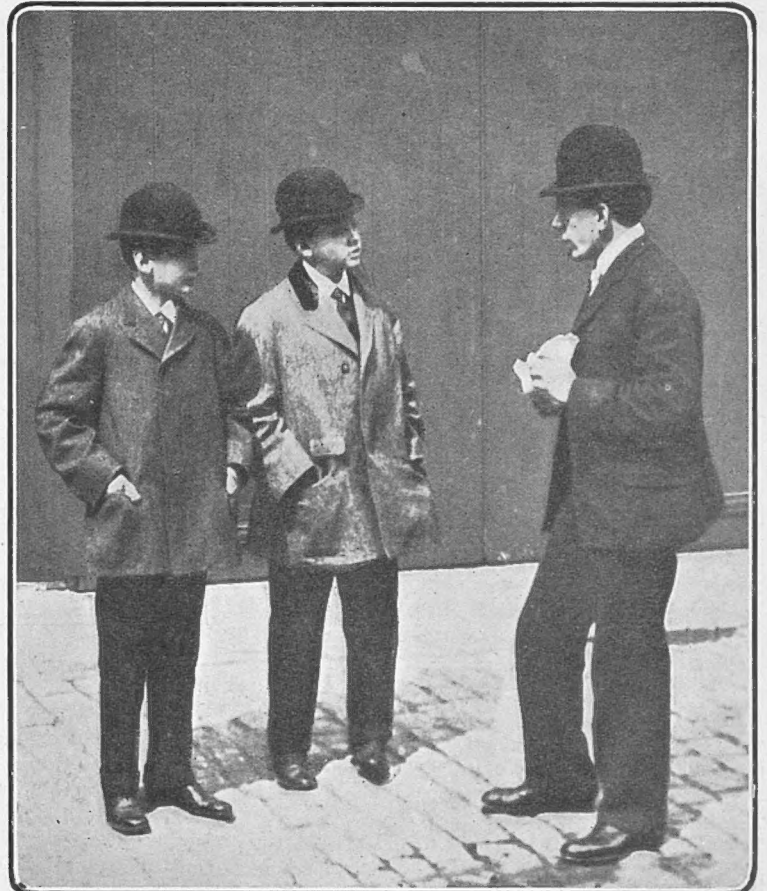
THE King's return may be said to mark the beginning of the London season, and his Majesty has a heavy list of important engagements, both official and unofficial, to fulfil during the next few weeks. Among the latter—great functions which add so much to the brilliancy and success of the season—are the Opera, certain notable marriages honoured by royalty, and the small and very select dinners which give the

Sovereign an opportunity of greeting those notabilities, both British and foreign, whom it is important he should meet in incognito fashion. It was thought that after the Accession his Majesty would give up many of the social engagements kept by him as Prince of Wales; but this, to the great satisfaction of loyal hosts, has not been the case. The presence of his Majesty in Paris during the early days of May gave very special satisfaction to the French authorities, for it proved a startling world that all fears of a revolution in the Gay City were as ridiculous as they were unfounded.

The Return of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

This week is eventful as that witnessing the successful return home of the Princess and Princess of Wales. Their Royal Highnesses have, to quote the old verse, "done many things in many lands, and done them very well," but it does not require much imagination to realise with what delight they must have seen the cliffs

of Old England yesterday, and with what joy they must have met their children. Owing to the Queen's deep family mourning—for her Majesty has been bereaved not only of a beloved father, but also of a favourite niece—the Princess of Wales will this season occupy much the same position in Society as did King Edward's Consort when she was the gracious mistress



THE RICHEST BOY IN THE WORLD AND HIS BROTHER:
THE MASTERS FIELD.

Master Marshall Field (the centre figure in our photograph) is the richest boy in the world, and is said to have inherited some thirty millions from his grandfather, the late Mr. Marshall Field. Both Master Marshall Field and his brother are keen motorists, and they are here shown talking to their chauffeur.

Photograph by Park.



WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY SKATERS: THE MISSES DAISY AND ROSALIND DUGDALE.

The Misses Dugdale gave an admirable exhibition of pair skating at Prince's Skating Club recently, and won Count de la Feld's bronze trophy.

Photograph by Thomson.

of Marlborough House. The Prince and Princess will give a considerable number of dinner-parties, and it is thought probable that they will revive the royal garden-party which used to be one of the most pleasant annual functions of the 'seventies and 'eighties. There will, however, be a break in their Royal Highnesses' season hospitality, for they are to represent the British Court at the marriage of the King of Spain.

Society on the Stage.

This evening, at the Grand Theatre, Hanley, Staffs, and at a matinée to-morrow, the Duchess of Sutherland "presents the Countess of Lathom and company in 'Diplomacy.'" Excellent; but though the performances are in aid of a local charity, one cannot but feel that so notable a venture should have been tried in London. The arrangements could not be in more able hands than those of the Duchess, while her charming gifts and presence assure success for Lady Lathom as Countess Zicka. Society to-day could furnish a company quite competent to fill a West-End theatre, and that without relying upon the aid of Peeresses who once graced the stage in a professional capacity. Princess Henry of Pless sings and acts charmingly; Lady Maud Warrender, whose musical gifts delighted Queen Victoria, scored a great success in the latest Chatsworth theatricals; Mrs. James, of West Dean, has been favourably compared with Jane Hading; while Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, Mrs. Ronalds, Miss Muriel Wilson, and others whose names will readily occur, have proved that histrionic talent is by no means the monopoly of those who have accepted calls to the curtain-side of the footlights.

*Mattresses of
Carnival
"Ribbons" for
Soldiers.*

The German military authorities have lately been making experiments with a new style of mattress. Somebody has discovered that palliasses stuffed with the *serpentins* which are thrown about at carnival time make excellent mattresses for soldiers, and the few trials which have been made have proved the truth of this idea. Therefore, the German Minister for War has determined to make a more extended experiment, and so the non-commissioned officers' school at Treptow has just received several wagon-loads of *serpentins*, and when the members of the school have slept on these new mattresses for some time the officials will make a solemn report to the War Office. The question is, will the non-commissioned officers venture to say that their beds are uncomfortable?

*The Countess
Montignoso.*

The fact that the King of Saxony is allowing his ex-wife, now known as the Countess Montignoso, the custody of her youngest child, is regarded in Germany



SAXONY.—COUNTRESS MONTIGNOSO, DIVORCED WIFE OF KING FRIEDERICH AUGUST III. OF SAXONY, WHO IS TO RETAIN THE CUSTODY OF HER YOUNGEST CHILD.

The Countess, formerly known as Princess Louise of Tuscany, was married to the present King of Saxony in 1891, but the marriage was dissolved in 1903. She has just succeeded in persuading the Saxon Court to allow her to remain the guardian of her youngest child for an indefinite period. It was originally arranged that she should deliver the child to its legally appointed guardians in May of this year.

as the first step towards a possible reconciliation. As both the Sovereign and the Countess are Roman Catholics, they cannot hope for any final divorce allowing of remarriage, and it is not denied that the Crown Princess, as she was at the time of her flight from her husband, was a devoted mother to her many children. It will be remembered that Countess Montignoso was for a long time resident in this country—in fact, in the Isle of Wight. There she lived a very retired life, and it is said that she bitterly regrets her escape.

*French Art and
Diplomacy.*

The *hors concours* of the French Salon is like unto the A.R.A. of our own Academy; he waits, by virtue of his two medals (which give him relief from competition) to become a *sociétaire*, just as the Associate dreams of the day when a merciful sickness will carry off an R.A., and leave him in



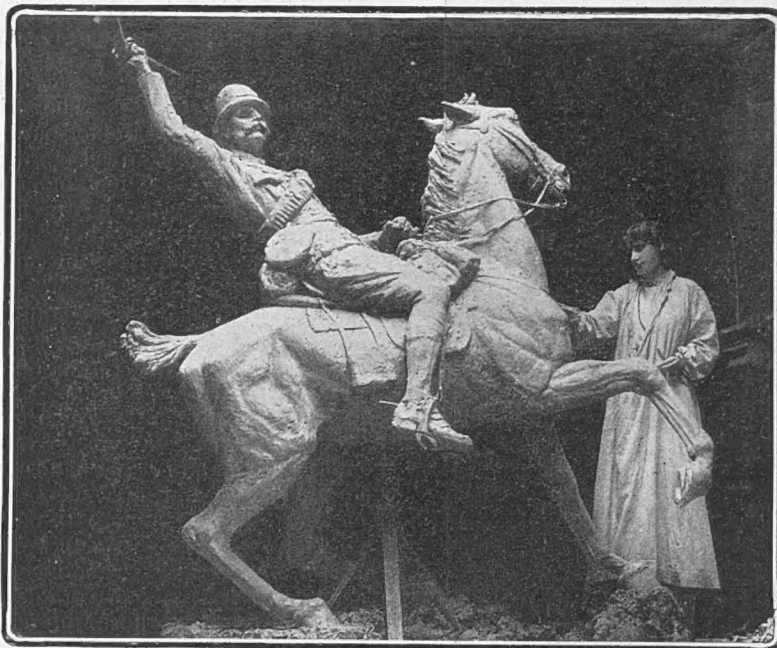
AMERICA.—MRS. J. S. FREESE: THE ONLY LICENSED WOMAN-GUIDE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Mrs. Freese is the only American woman licensed as a guide, and she conducts numerous hunting parties over the great preserves of Maine. She is a tireless hunter and scout, and a fine shot, and she can handle a canoe as well as any Indian.

Photograph supplied by H. J. Shepstone.

THE MOST TALKED-OF
WOMEN IN AMERICA,
SAXONY, ST. PETERSBURG
AND LONDON.

his stead. Being *hors concours* means that you have a right to line-space for the two masterpieces which you send to the exhibition without passing by the jury. Now, the Salon this year, being filled with masterpieces, decided to weed them out. To this end it dispatched a little note to the H.C.s, saying that it was not possible in each case to hang them advantageously, but if any artist objected to his position, he was at perfect liberty to withdraw his work



LONDON.—MISS GERALDINE BLAKE AT WORK ON HER EQUESTRIAN STATUE FOR CEYLON.

Miss Blake is working on the memorial to be erected in Ceylon in memory of those members of the Ceylon contingent who fell in South Africa. Miss Blake's father, Colonel Pilkington Blake, is one of the few survivors of the heroes of Lucknow.

Was it not a clever way of saying, "Please take it away," without hurting the sensitive soul of the H.C.? It is difficult to furnish statistics of those who took away their treasures, but the number of the "skied" amongst this privileged band is quite noticeable.

*Links with the
Past.*

The marriage of the Hon. Arthur Coke to Miss Phyllis Drury tomorrow marks another red-letter day in the lengthy calendar of the Earl of Leicester, his grandfather. The history of no other living man affords such interesting links with the past. Think of it: the Earl's father was in love with the wife of the Young Pretender, who sufficiently reciprocated his affection to give him her portrait. Between the marriage of Lord Leicester to his second wife and the marriage of his father exactly a century elapsed. It sounds incredible. Queen Victoria, when Lord Ronald Gower mentioned the fact to her, could not believe it without documentary proof. But there the facts are, duly set forth in all the peerages. Moreover, Lord Leicester had a child born to him a hundred and thirty-nine years



ST. PETERSBURG.—Mlle. PAVLOFF, WHO HAS JUST PATENTED A TANTALUS THAT PLAYS A TUNE FROM THE MOMENT A BOTTLE IS REMOVED UNTIL IT IS REPLACED.

Mlle. Pavloff has invented a tantalus which is not likely to find favour with many. Her invention is opened by means of a spring, which, as soon as it is touched, not only causes the three bottles for brandy, whisky, and rum to appear, but starts a hidden musical-box, which continues to play tunes until the bottle has been replaced: altogether a troublesome and embarrassing patent for those who do not court publicity while drinking.

after the birth of its grandfather. The Earl does not preach the simple life: he lives it. A couple of men found a veteran sitting in a hedge eating bread-and-cheese and an onion. "That's Old Fly," said one of them, alluding to a tramping drover well known in the neighbourhood. "Hold your noise, you fool," said the other; "it's the Earl of Leicester." The second speaker spoke truly.

*A Dying
Superstition.*

With our royal bride to lead the way, it seems as though "May marriages" will no longer be regarded as unlucky! Quite a number of important weddings are to take place this month, but Lady Mary Hamilton has chosen June, and the function will assume splendour, almost regal, proportions; for the reception, so it is said, will be held at Devonshire House by the bride's grandmother, the Duchess of Devonshire.

The House of Invalids.

All the leading members of the House of Commons have scarcely ever been present together during the present Parliament. Mr. Asquith has had several opportunities of doing the principal duties, on account of the absence of the Prime Minister, whose health may compel him to go up to the House of Lords soon. Mr. Chamberlain is now in a fighting mood, but his son was not able to be present even on Budget day, and Mr. Balfour has not yet altogether recovered his old form. The strain of recent years, with worry in addition to work, has told severely on a number of our statesmen.

A Young Lord.

Among the Conservatives who are practising debate, none is more conspicuous than young Lord Turnour. He is acquiring the useful Parliamentary art of saying nothing at considerable length with an air of conviction. In every Opposition a group of active critics and fighters is formed, and although Lord Turnour is not a Lord Randolph Churchill, he showed readiness and coolness in his recent comments on the vote for dusting books in the House of Lords. His frequent allusions to the eleven housemaids and his offer to compete for the dusting were much cheered. As he is good-natured, he is popular, and as he is only twenty-three, he may develop into an effective Parliamentarian. He is tall, thin, and very young-looking.

King Alfonso as a Shot.

Our Sovereign's King-nephew-elect is as good a shot as he is a chauffeur, and during the couple of hours he spent at the Isle of Wight Gun Club last week his Majesty was easily first in the ten-bird competition—the pigeons in question, let us hasten to add, being of the clay and not of the live variety. The young Sovereign's brother King, Carlos of Portugal, is also a noted shot, but even he, on his last visit to Madrid, proved himself inferior to his host. King Alfonso has now joined the Isle of Wight Gun Club, and he delighted those of the members who were present to see him shoot, by telling them that he hoped to come back there during the Cowes Week.

A Wonderful Wedding Pageant.

Meanwhile, the Spanish Court officials are drawing out a marvellous programme in connection with their King's marriage ceremony. The Spanish nation delights in ceremonial, and especially in ceremonial connected with the Holy Estate. The wedding fêtes will begin on the 29th of this month, and will go on for a full week. It is said that the royal bridegroom himself suggested what promises to be one of the most striking historical pageants ever seen—a procession through the streets of Madrid embodying the might and chivalry of Old Spain. Every province and every large town will be represented in the *cortège*, and historic events connected with

each place will be commemorated. Thus Aragon will come forward with her Maid of Saragossa; groups of Moors will recall the past glories of the Alhambra; and Don Quixote and Sancho Panza will do honour to the royal lovers. The idea is a charming one, and already artists and costumiers are working day and night in order that it may be carried out in an adequate manner.



AN EX-KING WHO IS SEEKING TO ESCAPE BOREDOM: BEHANZIN, FORMERLY KING OF DAHOMEY, LEAVING MARSEILLES.

Behanzin, ex-King of Dahomey, was so bored at Martinique that he petitioned the French Government to allow him to change his place of abode. This he was allowed to do, and he recently departed for Algeria, accompanied by his four wives, his three daughters, and his son, who, knowing French, acts as his interpreter.

Photograph by the Universal Photo. Agency.

Spaniards in Bordeaux to give their King a Villa at Biarritz.

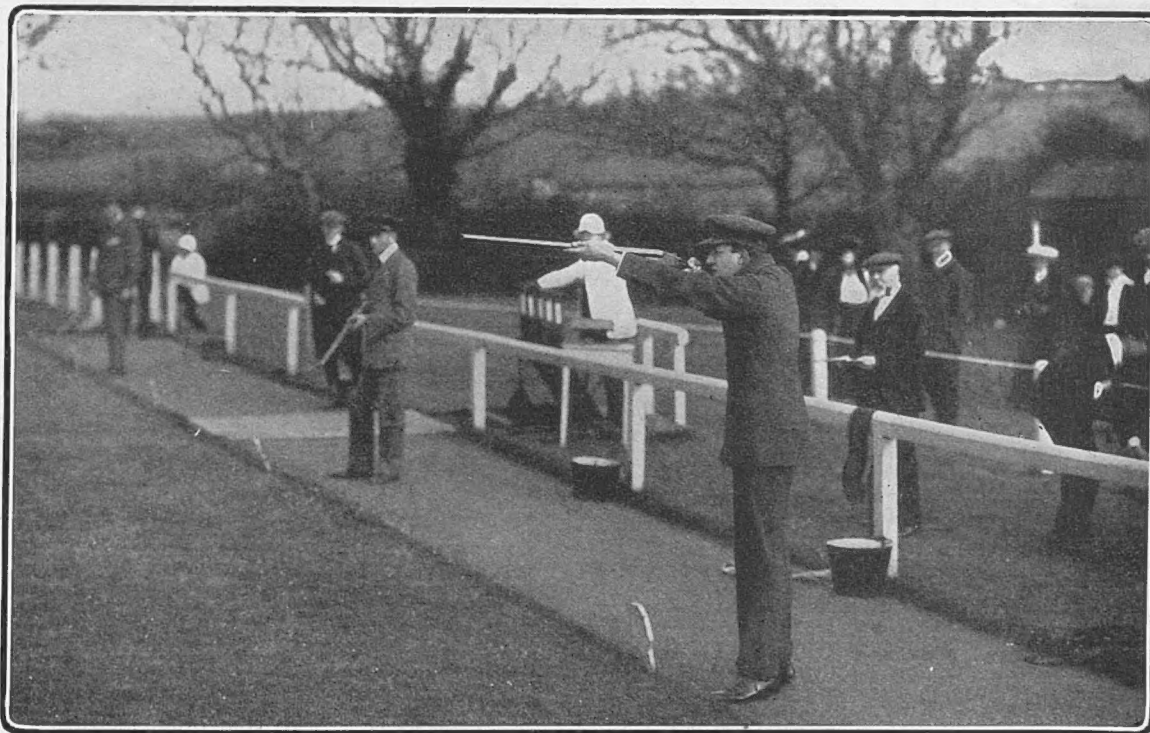
King Alfonso has a particular liking for Biarritz, and is very anxious to possess a villa in the town. There was a rumour going about that he was desirous of buying the Villa Sacchino, the property of Queen Natalie of Serbia, and when this came to the ears of the Spanish colony at Bordeaux they determined to make him a present of a house. They have accordingly asked the Mayor of Biarritz to make inquiries of the proprietor of the Villa Mouriscot as to the terms on which he is willing to part with the property, and it is hoped that it will be possible to give the villa to the King as a wedding present.

When Norway Crowns her King.

The coronation of King Haakon next month is to be a most solemn and elaborate function. The Norwegians, seeing that they have unmade a Sovereign and called another to the throne, cannot be said to entertain too considerable a respect for the divine right of Kings; but they do attach significance to their coronations. When the King of Sweden was King of Norway also, they insisted that there should be two coronations—one for each country. And where King Oscar received his crown from the Norwegian nation, thither goes King Haakon. They bless his robes and lay them on the altar; they bless his crown and sceptre; they bless his person; they bless everybody and everything associated with the ceremony. Then the Bishop of Drontheim places the crown upon the monarch's head, and the Ministers of State present him with the sceptre, the sword, the apple, and the key, and he is King indeed. It is all very solemn and impressive, and one can only hope that the jolly young Sailor King will be able to preserve his gravity throughout the old-world ceremony.

Matrimony and a Tomb of Pink Marble.

One of the Tokio papers publishes the following advertisement. "I am a beautiful woman. My flowing hair envelops me like a cloud. My figure is as graceful as a willow. My face is as soft and brilliant as the petal of a flower. I am sufficiently rich to be able to walk hand in hand through life with the object of my affections. If I can meet with a gallant gentleman, good-tempered, intelligent, and well-bred, I will bind myself to him for life, and afterwards I shall have the pleasure of sharing eternal repose with him in a tomb of pink marble." With so many qualifications, this young lady should not be long in finding the husband she desires.



THE KING OF SPAIN AS A CRACK SHOT: HIS MAJESTY SHOOTING AT CLAY PIGEONS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT

During his stay in the Isle of Wight King Alfonso visited the Gun Club at Ashey, near Ryde, and took part in the shooting. His Majesty shot in two competitions—the first of which he won, breaking eight birds out of ten, and in the second of which he tied with Colonel E. Howard Brooke for second place. Subsequently his Majesty was elected a member of the club.

Photograph by Hughes and Mullins

*A Bride - Elect:
Lady Mary
Sackville.*

The engagement of a brilliant, beautiful, and popular maiden is always an event to her own circle, and in the case of Lady Mary Sackville that circle comprises all Society. The elder of two charming and gifted sisters, Lady Mary, whose betrothal to Captain Griffin has just been announced, is famed as a sports-woman and as a writer, a rather unusual combination even in these days. She has yachted from babyhood, was one of the first of the lady motorists, has lately gone in for ballooning, and as the writer of a clever little play showed both poetic and histrionic gifts. Lady Mary Sackville has also travelled a good deal, and her fiancé, Captain Griffin, shares her taste for adventure of all sorts. The marriage will take place this season, and should prove exceptionally pretty, as Constance, Lady De La Warr and her daughters have very original ideas as to dress and decoration. Captain Griffin was a valued member of the staff of Sir Gerald Strickland, whose wife, Lady Edeline, is a sister of the future Lady Mary Griffin.



LADY MARY SACKVILLE, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO CAPTAIN GRIFFIN, EX-A.D.C. TO SIR GERALD STRICKLAND, IS ANNOUNCED.

Photograph by Thomson.

so much life and activity. He has been at work in Egypt for a quarter of a century, and in that time has given us new conceptions as to the antiquity of civilisation, art, and science. Nothing escapes his vigilant eye. He translates inscriptions which tell us of the wars of the Israelites; he unearths flowers which, at a bound, more than double our knowledge as to ancient Egyptian botany; he lays bare the story of a forgotten dynasty, and as reverently preserves for our seeing the tops and tip-cats, the balls of thread, the fishing-nets, and the dolls and draughtboards with which the ancients occupied their leisure when Britons were still savages and the greater part of Europe was barbarian.

*7409 German
Mark-Millionaires.*

According to the statistics just published by the German Ministry of Finance it appears that there are in Germany no fewer than five thousand five hundred and ten millionaires in the towns and one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine in the country. They range from four thousand seven hundred and fifty-two who possess a fortune of from

one to two millions to twenty-three who own more than thirty millions; but as the computation of them is made in marks, only about fifty would be millionaires according to our reckoning. Berlin contains over twelve hundred millionaires, Frankfort nearly six hundred, Charlottenburg three hundred and eighty-one, Prussian Poland two hundred and fifty-five, and Wiesbaden two hundred and eight. So that, in proportion to the population, Wiesbaden owns more millionaires than any other part of the country, a thing which one would hardly have expected.

*Unshaved Once
a Week.*

One of the most comical effects of the universal strike in Paris is the Tuesday holiday of the *coiffeurs*. If the beard-removers and hair-curlers have their way, every man must be his own barber—at least one day a week. Such a resolution on the part of the coloured-pole fraternity in England would not consternate the male population, because every Briton can attend to his own stubbles, just as he can carve a joint or use his fists when required. But such knowledge is not part of the equipment



MR. CHARLES SANDBACH PARKER, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS DOROTHY MEADE-WALDO NEXT MONTH.

Photograph by Thomson.

A June Bridal. Of interest to Kent and Shropshire county society is a marriage which will take place on the 14th of June. The bride is Miss Dorothy Meade-Waldo, the youngest daughter of Mr. Edmund Meade-Waldo, of Stonewall Park, Kent, and the bridegroom the eldest son and heir of that popular Shropshire squire, Mr. Samuel Sandbach Parker, of Aston Hall.

*Mrs. Henry
Siegel.*

The number of Americans who now make England more or less their permanent home is increasing day by day. One of the most popular of these fair "absentees" is the youthful-looking mother of last month's prettiest bride, now Countess Carlo di Frasso. Mrs. Siegel has the Transatlantic genius for smartness and the power of commanding success, and she has won in a comparatively short time an assured place in London Society. She made a charming little speech at her daughter's old-world wedding-breakfast, alluding wittily to the fear most women show at the thought of becoming a "mother-in-law."

*Remaking
History.*

The history of the ancient world is being rewritten by Professor Flinders Petrie, who to-morrow evening is to tell us the latest from the site of the excavations in Egypt. The greater part of his year is spent out there in the solitary places which once teemed with



A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN IN LONDON: MRS. SIEGEL, MOTHER OF THE COUNTESS CARLO DI FRASSO.

Photograph by Kate Pragnel.



MISS DOROTHY MEADE-WALDO, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. CHARLES SANDBACH PARKER NEXT MONTH.

Photograph by Thomson.

of M. Joseph Prudhomme. He may know how to carve a fowl, but the Frenchman who lathers and shaves himself of a morning is yet to be invented. That is the reason why this rest scheme of the Paris barber is the unkindest cut of all. "Perish our Republic or anything else you like, but shave our chins!" the Frenchman cries. If the notion of the *coiffeurs* is firmly adhered to, no self-respecting Frenchman can appear before his wife on Tuesdays or accept an invitation to dinner!

*The Investment
of Paris.*

Fifty thousand troops were lodged in Paris for the Revolution. Many came from distant garrisons, and had never seen the gay capital before. They made the most of their opportunities, if report be true. Whilst, in theory, this army was assembled to shoot the Parisian if he did not behave, in practice it fraternised with the civil population. There was something particularly pleasing to the dames of Paris in this military invasion. They liked to feel, perhaps, that they were well protected from those dreadful Socialists. In campaign order the French soldier galvanised into a real machine of war. Squadrons of cuirassiers, of dragoons, of chasseurs, of engineers and artillerymen looked particularly martial as they swept through the streets of Paris. Off duty, they lounged gracefully in the cafés, turning a furtive eye towards an officer as he passed, booted and spurred.

"The Girl Behind the Counter."



MISS ISABEL JAY, WHO IS PLAYING WINNIE WILLOUGHBY IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT WYNDHAM'S.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



By E. A. B.

That Scoundrelly Academy!

If you would not be driven to believe that the Royal Academy exhibition that opened on Monday has been got together to favour the chosen few or those who are vilely incompetent, do not visit in the company of a man who has had a picture rejected. The story is the same each year; the hanging committee are always supposed to cherish some deadly animosity against those they do not know from Adam. It was so in the case of a man of whom Mr. Frith tells. He really could not paint, but only the Academy had the courage to tell him so. That, however, was their spite—he was sure of it. "Now, next year I shall send up my portraits in an assumed name," he said; "then you'll see whether these men are honest or not. I know that so long as my name is attached my pictures will never be admitted." They went in next year under an assumed name—with the inevitable result. "The ruffians found me out and rejected them, of course," was the comment of the artist.

Conclusive Proof, and a Wedding of Convicts.

The story of a French prisoner's escape from Devil's Island, which the London and Paris police are at present investigating, almost passes belief. But stories are told of French penal settlements which eclipse even the tales emanating from Sing Sing. One came to light a few years ago—the story of a man and woman who desired to marry in a French convict settlement. "Did you not marry in France?" the priest inquired of the male prisoner. "Yes." "And your wife?" "She is dead," answered the man. "Have you any documentary proof to show that she is dead?" "I have not." "Well, you must produce some proof or I dare not marry you. You must convince me that your first wife no longer lives." There was an awkward pause; the man looked first at the bride-elect, then at the priest, and said to the latter, "I can prove that my wife is dead." "How can you do so?" said the priest. "I was sent here for killing her!" The wedding ceremony proceeded without delay.

An Unpublished Work of Lord Curzon of Kedleston.

Seeing that, with Lady Curzon, he is dining to-night with the Society of Authors, Lord Curzon might feel disposed to take his hosts into his confidence concerning the fate of a work of his which has not yet seen the light. It concerns his travels in and about India in days when he had not thought that he would be called thither as Viceroy so soon. Necessarily some time elapsed in its preparation, but it was written and set up, and the generous offer made by Messrs. Harper for its publication accepted. A nice little paragraph appeared in the *Times* announcing its forthcoming appearance. Then came the Viceregal appointment. Now, it would never do for the opinions of a free-lance concerning a country to appear what time that free-lance was ruling that country as the head of its Government. So the book remained unpublished.

A Heart-to-Heart Talk.

For the sake of their audience, it is devoutly to be hoped that Churchmen who are to speak at the mass meeting at the Albert Hall on Friday evening are in steady training in the matter of voice-production. The Albert Hall requires more voice than any other building in London.

It is so vast that the average speaker may lose his best notes in it, while a certain quality of voice creates a quaint echo. There is nothing more disconcerting than for a speaker to hear reiterated the appeal to "Speak up!" When they tried the trick on "Soapy Sam" he replied, as we all know, "I am speaking up; I always speak up, and I refuse to speak down to the level of the ill-mannered person in the gallery." An American orator at whom the cry "Louder!" was repeatedly hurled by Buffalo opponents elaborated the Bishop's answer. "At the Last Day," he solemnly said, "when heaven and earth shall pass away like a scroll, when the Ancient of Days shall sit on His great white throne, thousands and tens of thousands of the heavenly host ranged on His right hand and on His left, when the Archangel blows the last trumpet that shall rend the tombs and wake the dead, some darned fool from Buffalo will be heard shouting, 'Louder, Louder!'"

When the Lady Could "Pop the Question."

The female suffragists do not want the franchise, or they would not act the yahoo in petticoats. What they really desire, one surmises, is a reversion to the manner of old times, when spinsters remained spinsters only so long as they chose—or knew the reason why. For when good Queen Margaret ruled a happy Scotland, they got this Act upon their Statute Book: "It is statit and ordainit that during the reigne of hir maist blissit Magestie, ilka maiden ladye of baith highe and lowe estait shall hae libertie to bespeak ye man she likes; albeit, gif he refuses to tak hir till be his wyf, he sall be mulctit in ye sum of ane hundred pundis or less, as his estait mai be, except and alwais gif he can mak it appear that he is betrothit to ane ither woman, then he shall be free." The re-imposition of that law would settle the whole business in a month, though it might send some of us into the Bankruptcy Court.



A "ROCKERY" OF BROKEN CHINA AND GLASS: A BRICK WALL IN PROCESS OF ORNAMENTATION.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.



AN EXTRAORDINARY "ROCKERY" OF BROKEN CHINA AND GLASS, ADJOINING THE L.C.C. SCHOOL AT HACKNEY.

The curious "rockery" illustrated on this page was made by a former caretaker of the school, who utilised for his work all the pieces of coloured pottery and glass that he could find, as well as shells of various kinds.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.

"Enlisting for Drink." "The English soldiers"

are fellows who have all enlisted for drink." The words are the words of Wellington, and may be profitably studied by those interested in the Royal Army Temperance Meeting, over which the Duke of Connaught presides this evening. The old Duke would have started had anybody predicted in his hearing that the British soldier would ever be a temperate, sober fellow. The tributes paid by the Duke of Connaught, Lord Roberts,

and others who know the men as they are must almost make the Duke turn in his grave. He never could bring himself to trust an officer promoted from the rank. "They cannot resist drink," he said; "their low origin then comes out."

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



A MILLIONAIRE MONK:
M. RUINSCHA.

Until 1885, M. Ruinscha was a millionaire sugar-refiner, but in the year named he made over his wealth to the Russian Church, entered a monastery, and now spends his time working in the fields.



A SWEDEN WHO LIVED IN BED:
PROFESSOR OEDMANN.

The Professor was so fond of his bed that he spent most of his life there. He dreaded catching cold, and the fact that an old farmer visited him with clothes covered with snow so excited him that he broke a blood-vessel and died. He had not left his bed for years.



MARRIED IN SACKCLOTH AND ASHES:
LUKA LIGURIN.

Ligurin's father, an eccentric millionaire, left his son a considerable sum of money on condition that he should wear sackcloth and ashes during his wedding ceremony. This Ligurin did.



THE LARGEST LIFT-LOCK IN THE WORLD.

The largest lift-lock in the world is at Peterborough, Canada, and it will lift a boat drawing 8 feet of water 65 feet in 13 minutes. The substructure of the lock is the largest monolithic mass of concrete in the world, containing over 26,000 cubic yards. It cost half-a-million dollars.



A FLAT IN WHICH CHILDREN ARE WELCOME.

The difficulty experienced by parents of large families in securing flats in London and other cities may cause some of them at least to migrate to Paris, where, in one fine block of buildings at all events, large families, instead of being regarded as an unmitigated nuisance, are made very welcome.



AN AMERICAN FARMER WHO IS COMPELLED TO GO TO CHURCH: MR. PETER PAULSON. Mr. Paulson recently inherited a sum of money from his mother on condition that he goes to church every Sunday for the next fifteen years. The nearest church he can attend is ten miles from his home, and the legacy works out at fourpence-halfpenny a mile.



AN EXTRAORDINARY COIFFURE: AN UNMARRIED CASHMIR GIRL'S METHOD OF HAIRDRESSING.

The hair is not supplied by nature alone, art adding to it black wool, which is plaited into it.



AN OFFICER WHO HAS INVENTED ARMOUR FOR RUSSIAN POLICE: COLONEL PALACHIN. The Colonel has invented an armour-shield, covering the chest and back, which, it is said, is being adopted by the police of St. Petersburg. It is made of small, strongly tempered steel plates, overlapping each other, and weighs about 25 lb.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE OF "HIS HOUSE IN ORDER."

AMONG the surprises of the season is the fact that Mr. Pinero's play, "His House in Order," has reached its hundredth performance. The statement may not seem flattering, but the fact is surprising, seeing that the play deserves its success. So many have fallen flat which had a fair title to profit, and so many have had profit without deserving it, that we seem in a season of topsyturvydom; yet on Tuesday I found a house full of people, and, with the *flair* of the old hand, I could see that they belonged to the paying public; the play engrossed them, even thrilled them, and at times there were loud outbursts of applause, obviously sincere. It may be prophesied that "His House in Order" will carry Mr. George Alexander comfortably and lucratively through the season. So much the better. I do not agree with those who call it Pinero's masterpiece, yet it is one of his best. The vehement discussions concerning it have exhibited very plainly certain weaknesses in detail. We all dislike the speech about the cigarette and the empress, and think that the humorous study of the Ridgeleys is a little, a very little, out of date in a few passages. And it cannot be denied that here and there the phrases of the principal men are rounded off too nicely. On the other hand, the suggestion that the discovery of the letters at the particular moment is censurable as a violent coincidence is unreasonable. Many people when talking about plays and coincidences seem thoughtless; they ignore the fact that life, as well as drama, is full of coincidences. It is an amazing coincidence that the pen with which I am writing ever came into my hands. Yet I bought it in the ordinary course of business. To trace all the facts which have brought about this meeting between the piece of metal and myself would require volumes enough for a *Times*' Book-Club sale, and a mathematician would get tired of writing noughts to indicate the number of chances to one against my ever having acquired it, to say nothing of the odds against my using it at this moment.

Every drama involves an immense mass of coincidences, and one is only bound to talk scornfully of the long arm of coincidence when something highly unlikely is introduced as a stage device. It was not improbable that the first Mrs. Jesson, who died suddenly, should not have destroyed the letters hidden in her boudoir, though her husband, who never understood her, thought it was, nor that Derek should have found them, and that Nina should have opened them; and it is quite legitimate for the author to cause the crown-

ing event to happen at the time useful for his play. It may be admitted that Hilary's agreement to read them is insufficiently prepared. One may look back through the whole range of drama, classical, romantic, and modern, through all the well-made plays and all the pieces founded on the "slice of life" theory, without finding one the movement of which is not based upon the happening of a particular event at a particular time, although it might very well have happened at another time, with the result of destroying the play. This is no plea for the incredible or even the improbable; merely for allowing to the dramatist the freedom indulged in by Providence.



THE IRVING OF FRANCE IN AN EXTRAORDINARY MAKE-UP: M. MOUNET SULLY IN "CEDIPE."

From the Mask by Carriès.

The author has not caused any character to act unnaturally in order to bring about his big scene. I confess that I prefer Mr. Alexander in the earlier scenes; I wish he would try the experiment of not shouting at Pryce Ridgeley when calling him a cad and a cur. Probably, if the words were uttered with quiet scorn, the effect would be greater. As for the rest of his work, it may fairly be called one of the most finely finished and convincing studies he has created, and rich in the ease and strength that have distinguished him. Miss Irene Vanbrugh shows the effect of the hundred performances. In a long run the player is apt almost insensibly to increase the colour in the part, till at length it becomes overcharged, and there are moments when the talented actress injures her remarkably clever work by being a trifle melodramatic, a little violent in voice at acute passages. Fortunately, this can easily be amended, and then her Nina will be another triumph. It is wonderful to see how perfectly Messrs. Lyall Swete and C. M. Lowne have resisted this tendency. When I read the play I feared no players would withstand the temptation to exaggerate the comicality of these truly humorous people, and yet, even after the ninety-nine performances, the actors were playing them so finely as to get every ounce of humour out of them without any trace of caricature. They

never speak without causing laughter legitimately. I should have added the name of Miss Beryl Faber, quite perfect in the cruel part of Geraldine. Miss Pateman has rather injured her clever Lady Ridgeley by exaggeration. I still wonder at the frocks worn by Miss Chevalier as the governess; surely Geraldine would not have tolerated such "confections" for five minutes. Mr. Nigel Playfair plays the little character of the doctor perfectly. Mr. Herbert Waring, as Filmer, has, perhaps, the hardest part of all, and handles it admirably. Still, the most remarkable thing is the Derek of little Miss Hawkins, which is of such quality as almost to seem uncanny.



Mrs. Burke.

Mr. Burke.

"COMMÈRE'S" MOTHER AND FATHER: MISS BILLIE BURKE'S PARENTS AT HOME.

Photograph by Bassano.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF "THE LITTLE CHERUB."



MISS RUTH VINCENT, WHO IS PLAYING A LEADING PART IN "A GIRL ON THE STAGE,"
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Mr. George Edwardes produced an entirely new version of "The Little Cherub" on Saturday last, giving the piece, also, a new name—"A Girl on the Stage." Amongst the principals appearing in it in addition to Miss Ruth Vincent are the Misses Zena Dare and Gabrielle Ray and Messrs. Lionel Mackinder and Willie Edouin.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

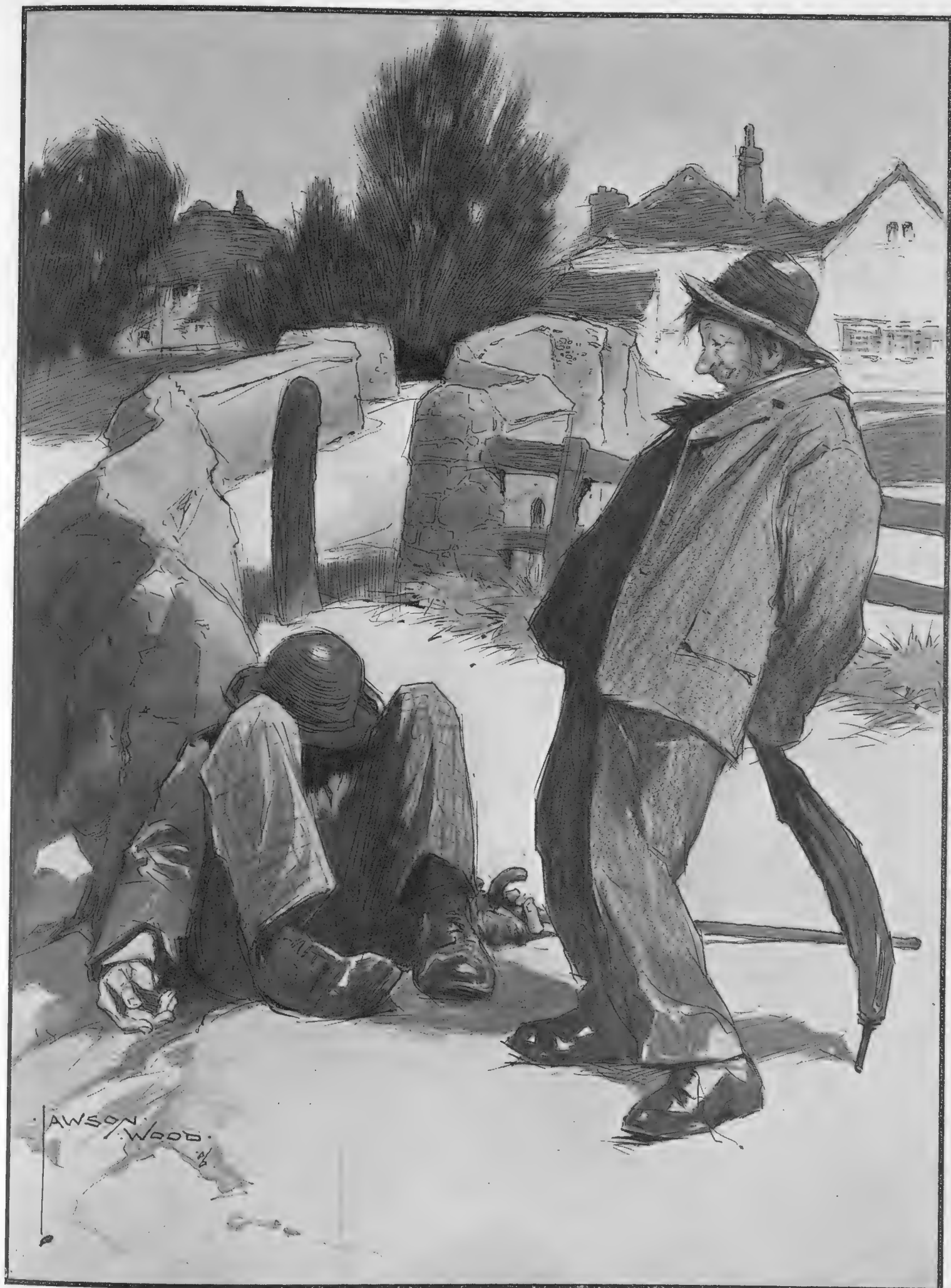
"IT DON'T SEEM RIGHT TER ME!"



THE TRAGEDIAN (after reading the Budget speech): A penny off tea. Bah! How's that goin' to help me or you?

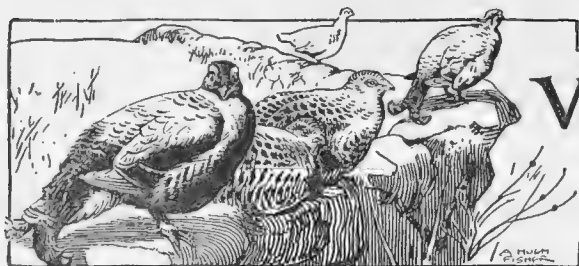
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.

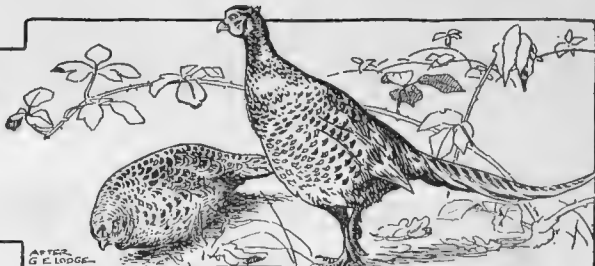


THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE UMBRELLA (*to his bosom friend*): Don't worry, Bill. It's orl right. I'm a-lookin' after yer!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



WEEK-END PAPERS



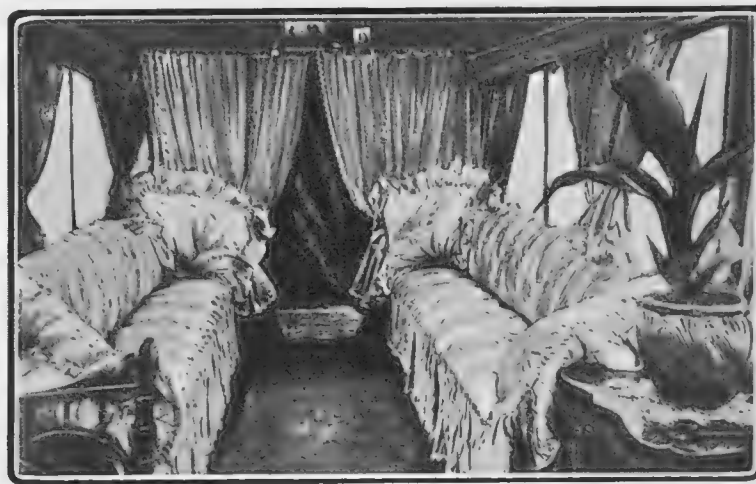
By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Farmers v. April. In the country last week I listened with commendable patience to the farmers' complaints. You cannot satisfy a farmer. April brought everything to him in turn—snow, sleet, hail, rain, high winds, and a little bit of sunshine here and there, but for all these samples he remained unsatisfied. I was assured that vegetables, fruit, grasses, and corn are all in a bad way, and that late planting has not been possible. I confess that I was most sympathetic when I found much of the fruit-blossom in my own garden stained with a brown tint that is distinctly unnatural.

there were little pieces of red rag tied to twigs, and these rags fluttered rather feebly in the breeze. I paused for a chat with my neighbour, and asked him if he had any great trouble in raising his vegetables. He was good enough in reply to bless my life, and candid enough to say that he had no trouble at all. I asked him how he managed it, and he pointed to the red rags. I said I had noticed them and that, with every wish to believe what he had to say, I could not understand that they should avail to keep all trouble from his store. "Do ye go and look at they old rags,"



STEAM TRAMCARS AS PART OF A HOUSE: THE DINING-ROOM, SHOWING TRAMCAR WINDOWS.



STEAM TRAMCARS AS PART OF A HOUSE: A BOUDOIR, FORMERLY A TRAM.

Although the swallows had come back and the cuckoo had been calling, it was very difficult to realise that summer was almost due, and I thought it best to leave my bees covered, though I have known years in which, by the beginning of May, every preparation for their swarming has been completed. It is fair to remember that farmers keep on working even while they grumble. One old man of my acquaintance, finding that the land was not fit to receive the mangels he wished to plant, was busy thatching a cart-shed. I cannot help feeling sorry that thatching is so often dispensed with in these days of zinc and corrugated iron. Thatch is not only picturesque, but it seems to belong by right to the English countryside. Even a thatched house has its attractions. It is cool in the heat of summer, and warm in the depth of winter, and if there are a few disadvantages attached to it they can be set right with a little care. The passing of thatch would rob rural England of a great part of its beauty.

The Preservation of Vegetables.

Among the matters that my old friend the farmer found to complain about, the damage done to his vegetable garden by birds figured prominently. He pointed out that almost as soon as his lad had planted a row of seeds the birds came and picked them up again, and that if they chanced to overlook anything, the appearance of a green blade was quite sufficient to ensure its destruction. Later in the afternoon of the same day I passed the garden of a very old man who raises some of the best vegetables in the countryside. Young green was showing quite boldly where he had planted out his lettuces, beans were coming along well, and sweet peas were in quite a healthy state. At intervals across the garden

was the reply, and I accepted the invitation. Then the explanation of the garden's immunity was made clear. Each of the rags was well soaked in paraffin, and the odour, coupled, perhaps, with the presence of a rook that hung from a pole like a criminal from a gallows, availed to keep fur and feather from the garden. The old man told me that he renews the paraffin fairly regularly, and takes the rags indoors when rain threatens.

The Rook's Struggle for Life.

The mention of a rook reminds me that the young birds must be having a very bad time just now. Seeing how much they suffer from their many enemies, one is surprised to find that so many of them remain and that the ranks of the farmer's enemy are not thinned. From the time when the young rook is no more than a new-laid egg to the hour when he dies of old age, or meets death at the beaks of his companions for some offence against rook law, or is a little careless or late in rising, and gets shot by one of the farm hands, he is beset with danger. Very often a carrion crow will descend upon rooks' nests and play havoc with the eggs. The weasel will climb a tree and kill young rooks for the mere pleasure of killing them, and

when there is a high wind and young birds are blown out of their nests, it is long odds that Brother Fox will come at nightfall and make a meal of them. Reynard always knows where the rooks are building, and understands the effect of a gale of wind. When the young rook has survived these early dangers and reaches the



A HOUSE WITH A TRAMCAR BOUDOIR AND A TRAMCAR SMOKING-ROOM AT GREAT COWDEN.

In the village of Great Cowden, some four or five miles south of Hornsea, is to be seen a peculiar house, in the construction of which the bodies of two superannuated steam tramcars have been utilised. The house proper is substantially built of brick, and within everything spells comfort; but the remarkable feature is, of course, the cars, one of which is fitted up as a smoking-room and the other as a lady's boudoir, whilst in each case the top of the car is available as an outdoor lounge.

Photographs by Charles E. Jones.

pie-stage, he must face the rook-rifle, most reprehensible of all persecutions. And in spite of all his troubles, his tendency is to increase and multiply and subdue the farmers' crops.

THE HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE OF "NERO,"
AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS POPPÆA.

The hundredth performance of "Nero" was celebrated on Tuesday of last week.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE SKETCH" BY MRS. LEE HANKEY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE famous Palazzo Rezzonico, at Venice, where Robert Browning died in 1889, has been sold. In the Palace a tablet was set up at the expense of the municipality to mark the place where the life of the great English poet who was so closely associated with Italy came to a close. The Palace belonged to Mr. Barrett Browning, and through his kindness many travellers were allowed to see it. With its numerous relics it was a place of great attraction. The relics have been removed, and the building is now in the possession of a rich Jew of Trieste. Another famous Italian house, the Villa Palmieri, at Fiesole, is also changing owners. Every tourist in France has been told that this is the country-house in whose gardens Boccaccio laid the scene of his "Decameron." The identification is not quite certain, but it is, to say the least, highly probable. Great changes have been made in the villa, but the beautiful gardens are as they were.

In Mrs. Bayard Taylor's "Reminiscences" there is a pleasant glimpse of Mr. Swinburne in his youth. "His sturdy form, the reddish hair that curled thickly over his head, his fine and mobile features, high forehead, bright brown eyes, and a thin moustache about the sensitive mouth—all these combined to give him the air of an unusual personality. He was very excitable, impulsive in speech and gesture. He teased our little daughter, romped with her, and hid under the heavy folds of the table-cloth. He seemed to be pleased that we admired his 'Atalanta in Calydon,' and his latest drama, 'Chastelard,' and offered to read us the French chansons occurring in the latter. He asked for a lighted candle, though it was broad daylight; then he held the book in one hand close to the taper and read, with the index finger of the other hand closing the right eye."

The new number of the *Quarterly* has a paper on the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It demands attention as coming from a writer who claims to have had "the opportunity of reading through the immense mass of unpublished as well as the published letters of the Pre-Raphaelites and their friends." The way in which the Pre-Raphaelites kept their letters and the letters of their correspondents is one of the most extraordinary things I know. It proves that they had from the first an intense self-consciousness. Their assumption that posterity would be interested in their doings and sayings has not been unjustified. But nobody has done more to make them known than Mr. W. M. Rossetti, the venerable figure who still survives to fight their battles. The reviewer pays a generous tribute to Mr. Rossetti's abnegations—

His several early poems, satisfying as they do the literary canons of actual observation and sincere rendering of the world that surrounded the brethren, have a merit that has never yet been acknowledged; and but for the fact that he devoted all his early life to the support of his brother, his sisters, and his parents, he would assuredly have been a poet greater than his more celebrated brother, and only less great in degree than Christina Rossetti.

While gladly acknowledging the royal service which Mr. Rossetti gave his friends in many newspapers and in many ways, I cannot believe that he was ever within sight of his brother as a poet. It must be remembered that some of the very best things ever written by D. G. Rossetti were the work of his youth. Mr. W. M. Rossetti's verses are good and careful, but nowhere inspired; and inspiration does not come with ease or wealth or the progress of the years.

The reviewer deals very contemptuously with Collinson, who was Miss Rossetti's first lover. He describes Collinson as a painter of very mediocre gifts, and as "both æsthetically and metaphysically a weak, almost poltroonish creature, who might, had he had the courage to work, have produced creditable pictures within certain narrow limits. He had, that is to say, a reasonable skill in rendering still life and draperies; but he doubted his own powers so much that he practically left no work behind him; whilst by his religious waverings he succeeded very efficiently in ruining the life of one of our greatest poetesses." This is far from just. Christina Rossetti refused to marry Collinson because he could not suit his religious views to hers. He was not her last lover, for she was afterwards engaged to Cayley, the translator of Dante. For a similar reason she broke off her engagement with him. It was unfortunate for Collinson and Cayley that they could not adopt Miss Rossetti's views; but surely it was best for them and for her that they should act like sincere men. Nobody ever said that Collinson was, or could have been, a great painter, but there is nothing against his character as a gentleman.

The reviewer (who ought not to speak of "Charles Algernon Swinburne") looks upon Madox Brown as a singularly luckless man, whether as artist or as individual. I am not so sure. There were bright passages in Madox Brown's life. He also speaks indulgently about Holman Hunt's Autobiography, but he

expresses a well-grounded scepticism as to the accuracy of the endless conversations which Mr. Hunt professes to record. "It is, that is to say, impossible to believe that Millais uttered the page-long speeches in inverted commas with which Mr. Hunt credits him; and it is equally impossible to believe that Mr. Hunt ever really uttered the two-page-and-a-half-long answers. The phrases, too, are too patly conceived in order to support the contentions of the Mr. Hunt of 1896-1905." Of course, it is impossible to believe in those conversations. Mr. Hunt has not even the art to imitate the manner of men like Carlyle. But that Mr. Hunt's recollection of his own talk is accurate may be conceivable enough. The fact is that of all the books on the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, the only one that really deserves high praise is the admirable record of Burne-Jones by his wife. In literary power, in insight, in good feeling, and in good taste, it far surpasses all the rest. o. o.



THE MAN FROM THE FURNITURE-REMOVERS: I suppose you'll have this in the bath-room, Sir?

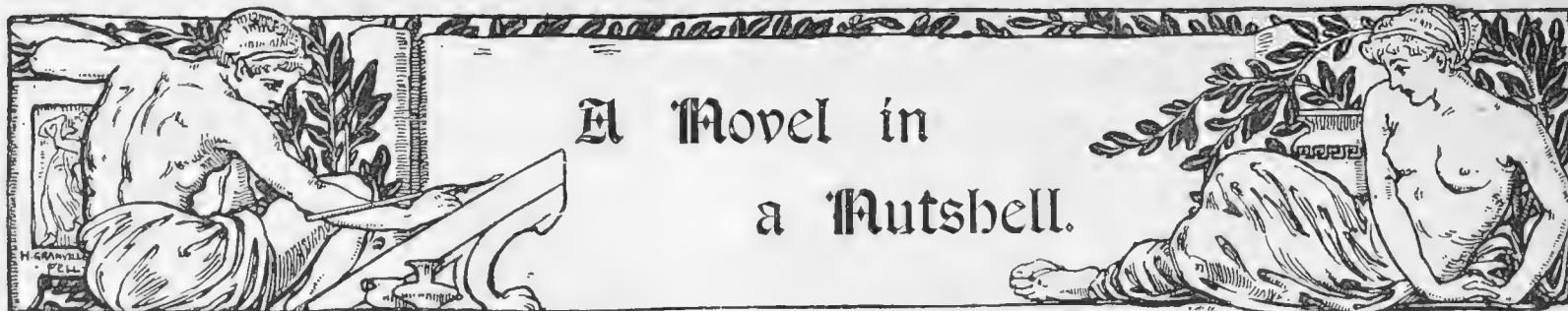
DRAWN BY C. FLEMING WILLIAMS.

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.



"GOOD MORNING. FANCY MEETING YOU!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE JOURNEY'S END.

BY J. F. KEENE.



THE big, flat-bottomed boat tore up the Irrawaddy River. It carried the usual complement of passengers: a pretty, fresh Englishwoman just out from home, a middle-aged Colonel, a Burmese barrister, proud of his English education, and a civilian who, having taken to himself a wife from the daughters of the land, hung aloof from his own kind. They had all come on board at Rangoon, and in a couple of days had learned a good deal about each other. The Burman talked chiefly to the civilian; the Colonel and the young Englishwoman, Mrs. Hanbury, paired off quite naturally.

"Odd, isn't it," said the Colonel one afternoon, as he brought his deck-chair alongside that of Mrs. Hanbury, "odd that a man should so quickly have nearly lost touch with his own people?" He indicated the civilian. "I don't suppose he has been three years in the country, and yet, you see, he finds companionship with the Burman more to his taste."

Mrs. Hanbury looked a little contemptuous.

"I dare say," she said, "his tastes were always of a low order."

"I don't think that," returned the Colonel. "He is a University man, passed a brilliant examination, and, I believe, is highly thought of in his profession."

"But to marry a Burmese!"

"Yes, a mistake, of course."

"What could he have seen in her?"

"They are fascinating creatures," the Colonel maintained. "You see, they are so good-tempered, and have such happy natures. We men, I fear, Mrs. Hanbury, are poor things, and I think we like something soft and gentle in women. English wives expect too much of us. We find it hard to live up to their ideals."

"You defend him—approve of him?"

"No, not entirely. There must be something wrong in a marriage that cuts a man off from his own kindred, which makes the West turn to the East for companionship; but——" He hesitated.

"I don't understand the attraction," said Mrs. Hanbury coldly.

"No, of course not. How should you? By-the-bye, I heard you say you were going to land at Pokoko. Why?"

"Because my husband is stationed there."

"Have you ever been there?"

"Oh, no; this is my first visit to Burma. When I went home Jack was in Madras. It was after I left that he went into the Police."

The Colonel started.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Did you say your husband was in the Burma Police?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I fancy I have met him. I wonder, as you are new to the country, Captain Hanbury didn't come down to Rangoon to meet you."

Mrs. Hanbury laughed.

"But that's the best of it all," she said. "He doesn't know I'm coming."

"He doesn't know?" repeated the Colonel, looking rather blankly at the pretty, smiling face. "What do you mean?"

"This is a surprise visit for him. He doesn't even know I have taken my passage. He will be so pleased when he sees me—poor Jack!" She said his name softly, half to herself.

"You should have told him you were coming," said the Colonel harshly. "It isn't fair to take a man by surprise."

"Not fair?"

"I mean, he won't have anything ready. Pokoko is an out-of-the-way place. He will be living as a bachelor—have nothing in his house fit for his wife. You will be disgusted with everything, and that's a bad start."

"Oh, but I shan't mind. The worse everything is, the better, for then I shall be able to alter it all and show Jack what a difference a wife makes."

"Supposing he isn't there at all?"

"That is possible, of course; but then, so much the greater the surprise when he comes back from a tour to find his house made to look homelike."

"Have you ever thought that he might be ill?"

"No; why should I? Why do you ask me such a question and look at me like that? Do you know—have you heard anything?" Her face blanched, and the smile faded pitifully from her lips.

"No; I've heard nothing about his health, but——" The Colonel looked gloomily at the river. "How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Twenty-four."

"How long have you been married?"

"Four years."

"You married very young. In England, I suppose?"

"No; we were married in Madras. We lived there for two years. It was very hot, and I couldn't stand the climate, so Jack sent me home."

"You haven't seen your husband since?"

"No," with a sigh.

"Mrs. Hanbury," said the Colonel earnestly, "forgive me. I am old enough to be your father, and I know something of life. Let me give you a piece of advice. Don't take your husband by surprise."

"Why not?"

"There are hundreds of reasons. Life is too short, changes are too sudden in this country for anyone to dare to calculate even a few hours ahead. Nothing ever turns out as you anticipate, and then the disappointment is all the harder to bear. If anything happened, if you did not meet your husband as you expected, what could you do, a lonely English girl in a place where there isn't another white woman? I am landing this afternoon at Pagan. Come on shore with me. I can make you fairly comfortable at the dak bungalow. You have your own servants. A wire can be sent to your husband, and he will join you there in a few hours."

Mrs. Hanbury shook her head.

"It can't be," she said. "I am sure you mean well, but I shan't let you spoil my little plot. Besides, what should I gain? I shall have to go to Pokoko in a day or two, and Jack won't be able to make any alterations or preparations."

There was something in her tone that showed she considered the subject at an end. The Colonel did not urge the matter. He got up and walked thoughtfully backwards and forwards on the further deck. Once again, as, later in the day, he bade her farewell, he held her hand, and begged her at any rate to send a telegram.

He received a decided negative.

"After all," he thought, as he turned and looked back at the slight, girlish figure he had left standing on the deck, "after all, it's no business of mine. Why should I worry my foolish old head about it? I shall probably do more harm than good; and yet, she is so young and so pretty——"

He jumped on the little Burmese pony that was waiting for him, and the next moment was galloping down the road to the telegraph office. Whether for good or evil he could not say, but he had made up his mind, and a few minutes later a telegram was on its way to Jack Hanbury, warning him that his wife was coming to him.

The boat was tied up for the night, and Mrs. Hanbury sat on the deck and watched with some curiosity and amusement the strange scene that lay before her. The sun had not yet set, and the swift-flowing river sparkled in its light. There was life on its shores, gay and bright in colour, as you see it in Burma. It is, perhaps, the only country in the world where religion and mirth go hand in hand. There was nothing gloomy associated with the pagoda-dotted banks, or the yellow-robed monks who stalked along attended by slim young acolytes carrying the begging-bowls. Girls in brilliant silks with flower-crowned heads streamed on to the boat, bringing fruit or lacquer-work for sale. When trade was slack they sat on the deck and puffed their huge cigars or stuck them in the lobes of their ears while they gave a final touch of powder to their laughing little faces. So simply unconscious, so perfectly self-satisfied, they filled the Englishwoman with amazement. In her own land the poor household drudge or the dreary female who has found a mission does not understand the mere joy of living. The strenuous existence leaves no room for dalliance. Here there seemed no room for anything else. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry," was apparently the universal motto. Not even the presence of death itself could make these gay people serious.

[Continued overleaf.]

OUR SPORTING SUPPLEMENT.

THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING THINGS.



VIII.—CHASING NATIVES IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

N.B.—The Editor of "The Sketch" prefers not to accept responsibility for the sporting intelligence of his Special Artist.

Just then a barge was being tugged up the river. It was bearing, she was told, the corpse of a highly venerated lady of rank who had died a few days earlier. Round the coffin were grouped the chief mourners, in radiant apparel. Two boats, manned by sturdy rowers, their nearly naked bodies tattooed fantastically in blue and red from waist almost to knee, towed the barge a few hundred yards up the river; then the ropes were cut and the current swept it rapidly down the stream, the boats racing it to the starting-point. The rowers shouted with delight, and the spectators laughed approval.

It was all so different from anything Mrs. Hanbury had ever seen or imagined. She had lived chiefly in Anglo-Indian society, a society which is generally commonplace, sometimes vulgar, and at all times looks upon the coloured man as a thing apart. To see him happy, cheerful, and, above all, to see his womankind disporting themselves in pure joyousness of spirit was a revelation to her.

But, after all, this life only interested her momentarily. Her thoughts were centred almost entirely on herself and Jack. In a few hours she would meet him, be once more in his arms; the past would be forgotten and forgiven.

For there was something to forget and forgive. Two passionate, self-willed young people had married against the advice of friends. They had been happy enough together, had fallen out and kissed again with tears, had quarrelled, but had always been lovers. Then her health broke down. The doctor ordered her home. Husband and wife were parted, and the trouble which has wrecked so many an Anglo-Indian home began. Mrs. Hanbury found living in England more expensive than she had calculated on. Jack could not send larger remittances. She saw herself getting into debt, was miserable, couldn't bear the hardly concealed sneers of richer relatives, began to think that perhaps they were right—that she had made a foolish marriage—that Jack wasn't quite worth all the sacrifices she was daily called on to make. Naturally, these thoughts showed themselves in her letters. Mutual reproaches were the result. You can kiss the lips that utter stinging words, but not the hand that writes them five thousand miles away. Angry doubts, bitter reproaches flowed from a too-easy pen. Jack, galloping in from a hard day's work, hot and tired, would see with eager eyes the letter waiting him from home. Longing for love, he would tear it open, and then, with something between a sob and a curse, would throw it from him as he read the few hard lines. Sometimes he wrote an indifferent answer, sometimes he did not write at all; and so the two drifted further and further apart. Yet all the time each was pining for one tender word from the other, but neither would be the first to write it.

Then something happened. A relative died and left Mrs. Hanbury a few hundred pounds. This changed the whole face of the world to her. Now that she could afford to buy the right-coloured spectacles, life looked rosy once more. She was an impulsive creature, and determined to fly to Jack at once. She would not write to him; there should be no more letters piling misunderstanding upon misunderstanding. She would see him face to face, and all would be once more as if these two cruel years of separation had never been. She loved him; she never doubted his love for her.

And now, as the cool evening breezes blew on her pretty face and stirred the golden curls on her forehead, she sat with lips parted in a happy smile as she pictured to herself that glorious meeting. The separation had been horrid, but everything would be forgotten in one moment of bliss. Fancy the silly old Colonel trying to take this rapture from her! How should he understand the passion that

consumed young hearts? What? Send a telegram to Jack now and take all the romance out of the situation? She had not travelled this long way for that.

It was about midday when the boat reached Pokoko. Mrs. Hanbury, her bearer, ayah, and boxes were all landed. A diminutive bullock-cart, rather like a kennel on wheels, was procured after some delay, and she with the ayah and a few small articles of luggage were tucked into it. It was very hot, the cart was dreadfully uncomfortable, and the way longer than Mrs. Hanbury had expected. She was tired and dusty when at last they turned into an entrance, and the little bullocks trotted gaily up the avenue. The Englishwoman marked with some surprise and gratification that the place looked well kept. There were pots and neatly painted tubs full of ferns and verbenas, grouped in front of the verandah, which was covered with convolvulus, while the blue orchid hung its trails of gorgeous blossom from the lattice-work. They drew up in the porch. There was no one about. The afternoon silence of the drowsy East prevailed.

The ayah got down and helped her mistress out. Mrs. Hanbury stepped into the verandah, raised a curtain that hung in front of an open door, and walked into a room. Coming out of the dazzling sunshine, for a moment she was unable to see in the subdued light within. Then, as her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, she drew back.

"Oh," she said, "I'm sorry. There must be a mistake."

The room was occupied. A Burmese woman, just awakened, had partly risen from the couch on which she had been sleeping, and was looking at her with curious, half-insolent eyes.

"Who are you? What do you want?" she asked in good enough English.

"I have made a mistake," stammered Mrs. Hanbury. "I told the driver to take me to Captain Hanbury's house."

"Well, what do you want with Captain Hanbury? Why do you come to see him?"

But the Englishwoman did not answer her. She was looking round the room with startled eyes. On the walls were one or two pictures she recognised, and on the table by which she stood lay an unopened telegram addressed to Captain Hanbury. She raised her eyes and again met those of the Burmese woman.

"Did you send that telegram? It came last night," the latter said. "The Captain Sahib has gone away on inspection. He will be back to-day."

"Do you mean that this is his house?" exclaimed Mrs. Hanbury. Then sharply, "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

The Burmese smiled and shrugged her shoulders. She had risen now wholly from the couch, and the two stood and faced each other.

There was the clatter of a horse's feet outside, servants were being called and were coming running at the summons, voices were heard in question and confused answer. Spurred heels clanked in the verandah, and the curtain was dragged aside. A man strode into the room. Mrs. Hanbury turned, her face pale and drawn, made an effort to steady her swaying form, and then fainted dead away.

When she came to herself she was lying on the ground, the ayah was dabbing some eau-de-Cologne on her forehead, and Jack was kneeling at her feet. She got up, pushed her ayah away, and looked at her husband. There was no one else in the room.

"Oh, Jack," she wailed, "is this the end of it all? And I came to you because I thought you loved me!"

And he did. In spite of all, Jack loved her and only her, but she will never believe it. This is his punishment.

THE END.



THE HUNT OF THE FEARSOME GRUMPETY-GRUMP.

DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



TO-MORROW evening will witness the last representation of "The Bond of Ninon" at the Savoy. The playgoer will regret that Miss Lena Ashwell failed to find an attractive play for her first managerial venture, but he will congratulate her on the business acumen which has induced her to look facts straight in the face and to prepare another and, it is to be hoped, a more successful piece. This is "The Shulamite," adapted from the novel of that name by Mr. Claude Askew and Mr. Edward Knoblauch, which will be produced on Saturday evening, the theatre being closed on Friday for a final rehearsal of the play, which will be acted by Mr. Norman McKinnel, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Eugene Mayeur, Miss Beryl Mercer, and Miss Elsie Chester, in addition, of course, to Miss Ashwell herself.

Are we going to have another cycle of musical comedies with a "Girl" at the beginning of their title, in just the same way as, a few years ago, no light play was deemed to have a chance of success unless it ended with a "Girl"? The vogue of "The Girl Behind the Counter" would seem to have suggested "A Girl on the Stage," as the revised version of "The Little Cherub" has been called. The possibilities of this form of nomenclature are infinite, if they do not give much scope for originality.

The Potteries will entertain to-day and to-morrow one of the most distinguished amateur companies ever gathered together in the cause of charity. The Duchess of Sutherland, the author of "The Conqueror," and the Countess of Lathom, have organised a performance of "Diplomacy," in which Mr. Alan Mackinnon, Captain Liddell, the Hon. William Goschen, Miss Annie Schletter (one of the best known actresses on the amateur stage), the Hon. Rosamond Tufton, the Hon. Mrs. Stuart Bouverie, and the Countess of Lathom will appear.

This will be Miss Annie Schletter's last appearance as an amateur, for she has accepted an engagement at the Adelphi in "The Lonely Millionaires." In adopting this course Miss Schletter has put into execution a long-cherished ambition. She brings to the professional stage a wide amateur experience, for she has played several of the recognised leading parts in modern drama. She has also acted with

"Sight," by Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mr. Richard Pryce, and "A Daughter of Shem," by Mr. Samuel Gordon.

On Saturday evening Mr. H. B. Irving's season at the Lyric will be brought to an end, and "Mauricette" and "Markheim" will be withdrawn. It will, however, not be Mr. Irving's last appearance at that theatre, for on Monday Mr. Lewis Waller will migrate from the Imperial to the Lyric, and the promised production of "Othello," in which Mr. Irving will be Iago, will take place there. These matinées out of the way, many months will in all probability elapse before Mr. Irving is seen again in the West End. In August he enters on a short provincial tour, preparatory to going to America, and he will make use of the opportunity to try the plays in which he will act on the other side of the Atlantic. In addition to "Mauricette" and "Markheim," he will play "The Lyons Mail," "Charles I.," and "Louis XI.," three of the greatest successes in the repertoire of the late Sir Henry Irving. Between finishing with Iago and beginning with the other plays Mr. Irving has decided to take a holiday.



MR. C. HAYDEN COFFIN AS CHARLIE CHETWYND IN "THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER," AT WYNDHAM'S.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

After what is believed to be a record run, "Measure for Measure" will be withdrawn from the Adelphi on Saturday evening. In accordance with previous arrangements, Mr. Otho Stuart will revert from the past to the present day for his next production, for which he has fixed next Tuesday evening. His choice has fallen on Mrs. Henry de la Pasture's play, "The Lonely Millionaires," the leading parts in which will, of course, be played by Miss Lily Brayton and Mr. Oscar Asche. They will be aided by Mr. Matheson Lang, Mr. Gayer Mackay, Mr. Charles Rock, Mr. Herbert Grimwood, Miss Frances Wetherall, Miss Annie Schletter, and Miss Lottie Venne.

This evening Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will produce at Portsmouth Mr. Herbert Swears' comedy, "A Tight Corner," in which they will have for their chief supporters Mr. Ernest Hendrie and Mr. Metcalfe Wood, Miss Jessie Moore and Miss Marie Lohr.

The German season will be brought to an end on Saturday. At both the afternoon and evening performance "Rosmersholm" will be played for the benefit of Herr Hans Andresen, whose work has given so much pleasure to the patrons of the Great Queen Street Theatre.

The close connection existing between the art of the theatre and that of the studio has often been commented on, for it exhibits itself not merely in the same individual, but runs through the same family. A striking instance is found in the case of Mr. Hermann Vezin, whose nephew, Mr. Charles Vezin, has just made a striking success in New York as a landscape-painter. Another nephew, Mr. Fred Vezin, who lives in Düsseldorf, is an artist who has already achieved a well-merited reputation.

One of the most beautiful actresses of the day, who has, however, not been seen in London for the last two or three years, has, if her present intention holds, finally retired from the stage. This is Miss Maud Jeffries, who, after leaving the late Mr. Wilson Barrett's company, went to Australia to play Roma in "The Eternal City" two years ago. That tour prolonged itself until last week. During that time, Miss Jeffries acted in "Resurrection," "The Eternal City," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Darling of the Gods," "His Majesty's Servant," "Comedy and Tragedy," "A Royal Divorce," "If I were King," "The Sign of the Cross," "The Silver King," "David Garrick," and "The Lady of Lyons." She was associated with Mr. Julius Knight, and together they made two complete tours of Australia. Miss Jeffries has married, and has resolved to settle down to a country life with her husband in Australia. Before doing that, however, she will pay a visit to Memphis in order to see her family, who live there.

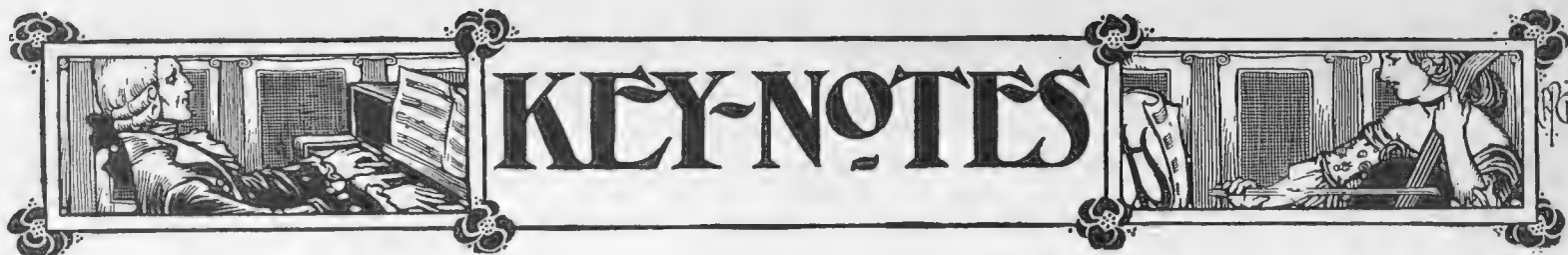


COLE AND JOHNSON AT THE PALACE: THE DANCE, "LAZY MOON."

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

considerable *éclat* in French, while her command of other languages will make her one of the valuable representatives of "foreign" parts, especially those of a nervous, excitable type.

The name of Mr. Keble Howard has been for so long a prominent feature of the second page of *The Sketch* that to its readers the fact that a one-act comedy, "Compromising Martha," of which he is the author, will form part of the triple bill to be given by the "Pioneers" at the Royalty on the 20th inst. cannot fail to be of exceptional interest. The other two items of the programme will be "Out of



THE Philharmonic Society still remains the official musical representative of that art in this country. The concert given by it last Wednesday was in many respects excellent, and in some respects superlatively good; at the same time, one has to make a certain adverse criticism in the case of Ernst von Dohnanyi. It is true that this composer is a very young man, but he seems to the present writer's idea to rely somewhat too much upon virtuosity and not enough upon immediate inspiration. The concerto in question was written in 1898, and the first movement gained a prize, as the programme informs us, offered by one of the Viennese musical publishers, while the two remaining sections were finished at a later period. Mr. Dohnanyi is without any question a musician of very great cleverness, although he is distinctly lacking in a sense of musical beauty. Nowadays, one is rather afraid, musicians are inclined to be too reticent in the expression of their ideas of beauty in music; the old-fashioned times, when beauty for its own sake was invariably sought after, have gone, as it seems, for ever.

Nowadays, if one excepts one or two great names in the art of music, everything is a matter of sheer virtuosity. Of this particular criticism Dohnanyi is an extremely modern example. Nobody can deny his cleverness, nobody can deny his talent; but one must refuse to allow that his musical inspiration is dictated by any fine sense of beauty.

At the same concert a strange contrast with the work to which we have already referred was made by the interpretation of Sir Edward Elgar's Introduction and Allegro in G minor and major for Strings (Orchestra and Quartet) which, under the title of "Smiling with a Sigh," the composer has dedicated "To his friend Professor S. S. Sanford, Yale University, U.S.A." There are few musicians who have so contributed to the idea of modernity in art as Sir Edward Elgar. At the same time he has that sense of pride, which is not in the least to be confounded with vanity, which enables him to take his place as one to the manner born among the great artists of the world. Consider for one moment these words written by him in connection with this particular composition: "Some three years ago, in Cardiganshire, I thought of writing a brilliant piece for Strings and Orchestra. On the cliff, between blue sea and blue sky, thinking out my theme, there came up to me the sound of singing. The songs were too far away to reach me distinctly, but one point common to all was impressed upon me. . . . Fitting the need of the moment, I made the tune which appears in the Introduction. . . . And so my gaudery became touched with romance. . . . The sketch was forgotten until a short time ago, when it was brought to my mind by hearing, far down our valley of the Wye—that river of memories, that river of dreams—a song similar to those so pleasantly heard. The singer of the Wye unknowingly reminded me of my sketch. This I have now completed,

and . . . to quote Shakspeare again, All the water in the Wye cannot wash the Welsh blood out of its body."

Miss Kathleen Chipman and Mr. George Goodes gave a vocal and dramatic recital at the Æolian Hall on Thursday evening, with Mr. Frank Griggs at the pianoforte, and assisted by Mr. Ernest Groom. The concert was altogether successful, and both from the vocal and dramatic point of view each artist was warmly received on the part of a sympathetic audience, and showed their possession of considerable talent and also of emotional feeling.

Once more Wagner conquers the operatic world. On Thursday the season opened with a performance of "Tristan und Isolde," a

work which, to many students, represents Wagner at the highest point of his artistic vitality and of his accomplishment. Then we were promised the whole series of "Der Ring des Niebelungen," beginning, of course, with "Das Rheingold" and ending with "Die Götterdämmerung."

Of course, every artist must be delighted to feel that Wagner is tremendously appreciated at the present time in this country; but we do trust that the directors of the Opera will not forget works by many great and immortal artists whose writings have possibly been neglected for a certain period of time, even though the popularity of Wagner himself may have for the moment cast a shadow upon their immortality. In any case, we hope that the season will be very successful, and when one recollects how energetic and also how sternly critical, without in the least being intolerant, is Mr. Harry Higgins, when one also recollects the kindness of Mr. Neil Forsyth, who represents the front of the house, it is impossible to believe that the season will run any way but smoothly not only from an artistic but from a business point of view, from the beginning to the end, and will once more justify the syndicate in its task of doing that which at one time was declared to be impossible.

Mr. Charles Manners is a man of great resource; and in his occasional visits to London he invariably gives performances which please not only the general public, but also the exclusive artist. Mr. Manners has extraordinary abilities, in so far as he is able to draw to his own company an enormous amount of talent which otherwise might be wasted in mere provincial performances. One may refer, to begin with, to the case of Mr. Richard Eckhold, in every respect a remarkable conductor, and one who is able, by dint of sheer hard work, to obtain every effect which he desires from the band under his control. Then one has to mention the name of Mr. Joseph O'Mara, who in the part of Raoul, in Meyerbeer's "The Huguenots," was amazingly fine, and sang with a passion and a purity of voice which literally carried one away upon the wings of enthusiasm.

COMMON CHORD.



HERR PAUL KNÜPFER (THE BARBER).

Photograph by Bieber.

THE PRODUCTION OF "THE BARBER OF BAGHDAD" AT COVENT GARDEN: THREE OF THE LEADING SINGERS.

The singers whose portraits are given on this page were announced to appear last night in the famous comic opera, "The Barber of Baghdad," by the late Peter Cornelius. Fräulein Burchard is a young soprano and sings the part of the heroine, Morgiana; Herr Jörn, the tenor, takes the part of the lover; while Herr Knüpfer, the basso, is seen in the costume of Abdul Hassan Ali Ebu Becar, "the barber of the future," whose ill-timed interference with the lovers brings all the trouble about. "The Barber of Baghdad" is founded upon one of the stories from the "Arabian Nights," and has long been very popular in Germany. Its composer was a friend of Richard Wagner and Franz Liszt.



HERR JÖRN (NUREDDIN).

Photograph by Pens.



FRÄULEIN BURCHARD (MORGIANA).

Photograph by Henschkel.



THE GENERAL PETROLEUM COMPANY—THE JUDGE'S REPORT OF THE TYRE TRIALS—THE QUESTION OF LUCK—SPLENDID HILL-CLIMBS—
CARS BY RAIL: MIDLAND RAILWAY ENTERPRISE.

I LEARN from Mr. F. P. S. Harris, general manager of the General Petroleum Company, with something more than pleasure, that the rumour broadly spread to the effect that the cormorant Standard Oil Company had engulfed the General Petroleum Company is absolutely without foundation. The idea that this amalgamation had taken place came as a disappointment to those



CAN THE POLE BE REACHED BY MOTOR-CAR? A PHOTOGRAPHIC ANSWER—
BLOCKS OF SNOW AND ICE FORMED BY THE WIND.

Mr. Wellman, the American explorer, is to attempt to reach the North Pole by means of a motor-driven air-ship and a motor-car which is described as half sleigh, half traction-engine. By air-ship it may yet be possible to reach the Pole; but it is difficult to imagine that any car, however strong, however ingeniously constructed, could surmount the difficult "going" shown in the photographs here given.

who, when they insisted upon the bright red tins that enclose the "Shell" spirit, fondly imagined that while they were getting best value for money, they were likewise supporting a concern run with British capital. In view of Mr. Harris's disclaimer this little bit of patriotism can still be indulged in, with benefit to both sides, for speaking from a lengthy experience with three different types of engine, I have found the spirit sold under the "Shell" to give the best possible results. Also, it is remarkably well filtered.

The judge's report of the tyre trials held by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland during March is a somewhat uninteresting document, for the simple reason that it concerns itself with one make of tyre only, and that the Collier, which already enjoyed an excellent reputation. It must not be presumed that the abstention of such firms as Michelin, Dunlop, and Continental from these trials showed any unwillingness on their part to put their manufactures into competition with others—far from it, indeed; but I have discussed the question of such trials with the representatives of the three firms named, and they explain that they do not favour such trials for their goods, because the element of blind luck enters so largely into the results of these competitions. The luck and skill of the driver count enormously, for while one man seems directed by some inscrutable influence over every sharp flint, every nail, and every broken fragment of glass on any allotted route, another escapes all such week after week, and so lends to the tyres he sits over merit which is ascribable to luck and luck alone.

These views will be supported by all private users of pneumatic tyres, who know quite well that while three out of a set of four tyres will stand up most satisfactorily for a long period, the remaining one, apparently the accursed of the quartet, seems to come in for all the knocks and few of the ha'pence, and accordingly gives out long before its three luckier fellows. Now the private user is aware of the misfortunes of his unlucky tyre, and judges the brand by the behaviour of the other three, feeling and knowing that the mishaps of the unhappy fourth cannot be laid at the door of its makers, who do not

control the construction and care of highways. This balancing of results cannot enter into a trial report, at least in such a way as to carry conviction to the uninitiated public, and therefore I agree that the makers whose reputations are "enow for glory" can abstain from them.

The proximity of a severe climb tempted many exhibitors at the late Glasgow Exhibition to demonstrate the climbing capabilities of their cars to contemplative customers. Some of the steepest hills are found within a day's run of the great city on the Clyde, and the local Press gave considerable publicity to such demonstrations. A favourite test hill was that leading from Arrochar, at the head of Loch Long, through Glen Croe, via "Rest and be Thankful," to Inverary, part of which route was included in the Scottish Automobile Club Trials last year. At the time of the Show the roads were at their worst, being rotted by the winter's snow and rain. Mr. David Russell, of the well-known ship-owning firm of Messrs. David Russell and Co., writes of the wonderful manner in which this long pull was performed both ways by a 16-20-horse power Argyll, with five passengers, averaging twelve stone each, up. Mr. Russell considers the ascent on the Inverary side more trying than that from Arrochar.

Another fine hill-climbing feat by two cars that hail from over the Border astonished not a few sceptics just lately. Two of those well-known cars, a 12-15-horse power and an 18-horse power Arrol-Johnston, successfully made the ascent of Loch Striven Head, the 18-horse power being the identical vehicle which won the Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man last year. The 12-15-horse power carried four passengers, while the 18-horse power, driven, as in the race, by Mr. John S. Napier, carried five. I am informed that the gradiometer showed the slope near the summit to be 1 in 3.75, 1 in 4.5, and 1 in 4.75, the average being about 1 in 5, with the roads in very bad condition. Mr. Robert J. Smith, the Hon. Sec. of the S.A.C., was one of the passengers.

When at any time it has been necessary to forward a car by rail, I have always felt most uncomfortable at the transport of an expensive car, on an open tray-truck, exposed to the dust and



CAN THE POLE BE REACHED BY MOTOR-CAR? A PHOTOGRAPHIC ANSWER—
A SCENE IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

dirt whirled up by the transporting and passing trains, to the weather, and to the idle curiosity of the frequenters of goods-yards. The enterprising Midland Railway, ever to the front, will now van motor-cars confided to them, for they have just sent into traffic a first instalment of new covered trucks for the purpose. The trucks will take any motor-car at present on the road, and are provided within with sliding bars, straps, blocks, etc., to make the cars absolutely secure during transit.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

CHESTER—THE JUBILEE—LALLY: A TREE TIP.

THE Chester Meeting has been a big financial success ever since the late Duke of Westminster consented to become one of its directors, and it was, I believe, at his instigation that the four Cheshire cheeses were given away to owners supplying the first four horses in the race for the Cup. His Grace was a good Churchman and a good sportsman, as is the present Earl of Coventry, who sat on the committee in connection with the revision of the Holy Scriptures, and has won two Grand Nationals and no end of big steeplechases. The Earl of Coventry is one of the finest judges of a steeplechaser in England, and a year ago he picked out Ascetic's Silver as being, in his opinion, the best-class jumper in the country. The only foolish thing the Earl ever did was after a race for the Goodwood Stakes, when he took off his hat and jumped on it. I well remember, by-the-bye, when the late Duke of Westminster, as a young man, rode as straight as the crows flies with the Blackmore Vale Hounds. His father, the Marquess of Westminster, lived at Motcombe, the house owned now by the Duke's brother, Lord Stalbridge, who is best known as chairman of the London and North Western Railway. The present Duke of Westminster takes the liveliest interest in the Chester Meeting, but I think he would like it better if a few fences were put up on the Cup course, as he much prefers steeplechasing to flat racing. Since the death of the late Mr. Mainwaring, the office of clerk of the course has been held by Mr. W. E. Bushby, a real live man who does his work thoroughly, and adopts any improvement that appeals to him. Chester is a flat, circular course of a mile and 125½ yards. It is a left-hand course. The Cup course is two miles and a quarter, and 151 yards. The course is close to the town, and within easy distance of both railway stations.

When the late Mr. S. H. Hyde originated the Jubilee Handicap, which is run each year at Kempton in the May month, he struck a "bright," as the race has been a big draw from the first. Mr. Hyde, who always claimed to have been born in three counties, his father's house being on the boundaries, was a resourceful man, and knew exactly what was likely to please the Londoners. The Jubilee Stakes has been won by some good horses, and the field to contest the race this year will not be one of the worst in point of quality. Ambition, who won last year, has now nearly top-weight, but the son of Pride will not want for followers on May 12, as he was palpably eased in the race for the City and Suburban, when it was found that pursuit of Dean Swift would be useless. Ambition was not so fit as he could be made on the City day, but he will be all right a week hence. Donnetta, a handsome

winner over the course, is very useful when well, and she is very likely to finish in the first three. Fermoy, who is now trained by the ex-jockey, C. Wood, is said to have improved very much, but I cannot forget that this horse played the Beckhampton people false when they backed him on more than one occasion last year. Lord Alington has a big chance on paper of annexing the trophy with Plum Centre, a very useful animal that is now trained by Moreton at Lambourne. Another horse talked about in connection with the race is Ritchie, which is very likely to be Sam Darling's best. In any case Lord Dalmeny would, I am sure, like to see his colours carried at Kempton, as he is very partial to the meeting. If all I hear be true, my final for the race will be Best Light. More anon.

My old friend "Marcion," in photographing the Cicero trough at Epsom, has discovered that the tip for Lally is given by the formation of the tree-branches in the background. This is, I should say, one of the most remarkable finds since the discovery of gold at Klondyke, and no doubt it will be taken full advantage of by hesitating speculators. Lally has,

I am told by a friend in the West, wintered well. He is in good work all the time, and has never been sick or sorry. The rumour that he is not likely to stay the Epsom course is all moonshine, and the followers of the Netheravon stable were never so confident about any horse as they are about this colt winning the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. Lally's owner, Captain Purefoy, has practically given up actual participation in the sport of kings, but he could not resist the temptation of trying to win the Derby, and this, too, in face of an offer of £20,000 right out for his smart colt. Captain Purefoy is something

more than a racing-man. He is a keen man of business, and, as managing director of Romano's, he is well known to West-End Bohemians. He is also a director of the Gaiety Theatre. It is said the Captain "struck it" when prospecting for gold in South Africa. As manager of the Netheravon stable he has proved himself to be a real live artist, and the coups brought off by the aid of Hackler's Pride, Uninsured, Ypsilanti, Queen's Holiday, and many other good

horses must have enriched the coffers of the owners to a pretty tune. The crowning point of all would be if Lally won at Epsom, and I see no reason why he shouldn't. Lally, if better than Sarcelle, holds all the Two Thousand horses safe, but he may have a tough opponent to fight in the King's colt, Nulli Secundus.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



Mr. Herbert Woodland. Mr. Hobbs. Mr. Chandler. Mr. Hallick.
MR. G. P. HUNTLEY AS A RACEHORSE-OWNER; THE POPULAR ACTOR'S
TRAINER AND PARTNER, MR. HALICK, AND OTHER RACING-MEN.



"MR. POPPLE" AS RACING-MAN: MR. G. P. HUNTLEY'S
THURIFER, WHICH WON THE CRITERION HANDICAP
STEEPLECHASE RECENTLY.

Mr. G. P. Huntley's Thurifer, which is by Thurio—Priorress, ran at 11 st. 12 lb., and won by three lengths. W. Rollason, here shown, was up. Thurifer also counts amongst its successes the Grinstead Handicap Steeplechase and the Lingfield Selling Steeplechase.

Photographs by Tom Reveley.



"MR. POPPLE" AS RACING-MAN: MR. G. P. HUNTLEY'S
STEEPLECHASER AUSTRALASIA,
W. ROLLASSON UP.

Australasia, like Thurifer, has brought its popular owner, the well-known actor, several successes. It has won the Horley Hurdle Race at Gatwick, the Bostal Maiden Hurdle Race at Plumpton, and the Hopeful Steeplechase at Gatwick.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IF Princess Ena reads the papers—and even royal personages can hardly avoid the Press nowadays—she must be tired of her trousseau as revealed by every printed leaf, halfpenny or otherwise. Columns about flounces to right of us, columns about fur-below to left of us, columns most flowery in front of us, columns feminine and fluent (mercifully) behind us.

Royalty has indeed to bear a fierce light nowadays, though it must still be grateful that a certain measure of reserve is accorded by the

never played better, and Mr. Vane Tempest's well-bred inanities greatly tickled the royal company. Mr. Eille Norwood is really too good-looking as the Colonel. Could any subaltern's sister resist him!

Meanwhile, to turn from such pleasant poetry to the sad prose of everyday life in East London and its hospital at West Ham, it will interest many to know that the two kind Duchesses of Westminster and Marlborough have jointly organised a sale of work for May 17 and 18, to be held at Grosvenor House, in aid of the funds of this most deserving charity. A bazaar opened by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught last week to help the charity realised over £3000, but, alack-a-day! this sum is insufficient for the ever-increasing needs of the hospital. Many articles left over and unsold will help to swell the receipts of the forthcoming function, and it is greatly to be hoped that an always generous and responsive public will crowd into Grosvenor House on the dates mentioned, and so help by its presence the sick and dying of the dolorous East End.

Spring catalogues have begun their perennial campaign of fascinations in frocks and frills, and one gathers copious ideas of current modes and the sums of money they cost from these milestones on the primrose path of fashion. All one regrets is that everything illustrated therein cannot be annexed, so more than merely desirable are the items one and all presented for consideration and ultimate payment. Of such a sort is the new catalogue by Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, entitled "Fashions of To-day," and bearing a many-coloured but most exquisitely dressed young woman on its front



[Copyright.]

FOR MORNINGS IN THE PARK.

British penny-a-liner as against the astounding headlines of the Transatlantic phrase-maker. I remember being intensely tickled years ago at Homburg by a German cartoonist who drew pictures for various comic papers representing the sycophancy of the English-speaking crowd. It was when our King—Heaven speed him!—was Prince of Wales and recording Pressmen crawled after the royal footsteps from place to place. One picture was entitled "The Prince Blows His Nose," and a company of trumpeters was shown busily sounding a fanfare in honour of the event. Another depicted his Royal Highness engaged in the simple process of drinking Elizabethen-brunnen water at seven a.m. with the flower of European and New York Society looking on from its knees at the astonishing occurrence. That artist was a cynic, but knew his world—having arrived at the one, perhaps, because of observing the other.

Meanwhile, it was genuinely pleasant to note with what simplicity and absence of fuss the royal party, consisting of King Alfonso, Princess Ena, and Princess Henry, slipped quietly into a box at the Waldorf last Wednesday evening to see that delightfully acted little play, "The Second in Command." As luck would have it, we were items in a friend's theatre party, and it was some minutes after King Alfonso had arranged chairs for the Princesses that the audience recognised the young couple, and, with rousing cheers, expressed loyal welcome and congratulations. The King bowed genially in his charming Southern way, and even Princess Henry's native reserve thawed before the enthusiasm of stalls and pit alike. Mr. Cyril Maude



[Copyright.]

DARK-BLUE TAFFETAS.

page. I recommend immediate application for this artistic epitome of all the fashions. It is a guide to every grace, and can be had for the asking at the Oxford Street house.

Our artist excels himself in the two illustrations to which he treats *Sketch* audiences this week. The little beige-coloured silk voile, for mornings in the park or other semi-smart occasions, is admirably expressed and emphasised by the cleverly arranged panels of narrow beige black-bordered ribbon which all but cover its surface. A curved yoke of Irish crochet, and applications of black panne on

front and back of belt emphasise the elegance of a very original yet simple costume. Dark blue taffetas accounts for frock number two, runnings and roulades of little frills meandering over the bodice in most becoming lines and wavelets of silk. The corselet belt, of which one is becoming just a trifle *ennuyé*, fits the shapely pictured figure in gracious curves. Would it were so kind to mere humanity, but the sad fact about many delightfully conceived fashions is that when applied to thin or tubby or other femininity less perfectly proportioned than the Venus of Milo they are not successful.

Oetzmann, of Hampstead Road, announce that they have on view at their premises a bungalow cottage, which can be reproduced for £200 and furnished for 45 guineas. In view of this ideal cottage, complete from chimney-pot to inglenook, and replete with linen, china, cutlery, glass, and furniture, who would be without a country abode? All that is wanted to complete it is a dumping-ground, and as London has not yet quite covered England, one may be forgiven for thinking that some grass-plots remain, where, for an outlay of £250, Nature may be cultivated at leisure and pleasure with the most successful results.

Very dainty—and opening vistas of economy and smartness combined—is the booklet just issued by Swan and Edgar, called "How to Dress." From gloves to gowns, hat-boxes to hairpins, a complete inventory and dictionary of the mode as it is in 1906 meets the eye. Incredibly moderate prices rule for incredibly gorgeous gowns, hats, parasols, blouses, *dessous*, and what not besides. Swan and Edgar, in addition to being the great corner house in Piccadilly, may be equally described as the corner-stone of fashion; like radium, it sends forth illumination in all directions, and, as a mentor of matters fashionable, may be taken as a safe and certain guide.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

MOTHER.—Mellin's Food is clearly the thing for your boy's case. Do send to them for all particulars.

SYBIL.

IRELAND AS A HOLIDAY RESORT.

JOHN BULL'S Other Island, for many years a favourite resort of those tourists who can appreciate natural beauty, is likely to become more popular than ever in the near future. The reason is not far to seek. It lies, in a word, in the enterprise of the Midland Railway Company, which, since it took over the Northern Counties (of Ireland) Railway some two years ago, has done much to advance Ireland's interests. While improving the railway service, the company has taken care also to see that the principal hotels on the route are so admirably appointed that they are a bait in themselves.

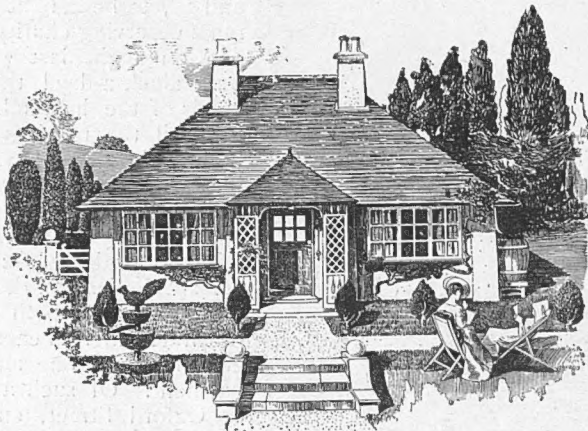
The holiday-maker to whom many parts of picturesque England and Ireland are still unknown should certainly discard a Continental holiday for once, or even more than once, and take advantage of the

steamers take the voyager to Donegal Quay, Belfast; from there he can go to Portrush, with its splendid air, excellent sea-bathing, and magnificent golf-course; can visit Dunluce Castle, the Giant's Causeway, Garron Tower, and many another sight famous for its beauty or for its historical associations.

The cycle-buyer is to have better value than ever in his machine of the future. Humber, Limited, one of the leading cycle firms, have just decided upon important price-reductions and improved values to be offered in various models of their world-famous machines. The road-racer, hitherto sold at nine guineas, will in future be sold at eight guineas. Humber juvenile bicycles, which have always enjoyed a unique reputation, have been dropped from seven to six guineas. The Beeston-Humber—the bicycle which is ridden by the royalty and nobility of the whole world—will remain at the same price as before, eighteen guineas, but the Humber gear-case (which formerly cost a guinea extra) will now be included free of charge. Perhaps the greatest change is that Humbers have boldly cut into what they deem the unsatisfactory system connected with what are known as "easy payments." In future, a fixed charge of five per cent. will be made for twelve months' credit, a rate which is more than reasonable, and is less than that charged by other cycle firms for this accommodation. Thus a cyclist becomes the sole possessor of his or her Humber bicycle immediately upon paying the deposit of £1, and the rest may be paid over twelve months with interest at five per cent. added to the balance of net cash price of the bicycle. Finally, all Humber cycles will in future be delivered carriage paid to any railway station in the United Kingdom, all packages and crates being supplied free of charge.

In connection with the Elizabethan Fête to be held on behalf of the King's College Hospital Removal Fund at Lincoln's Inn on May 23 and two following days there will be numerous attractions on all three days, including short plays to be given by Mr. Arthur Playfair and Mr. Nigel Playfair, and a variety entertainment, at which Miss Mary Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Harvey, Miss Constance Collier, Miss Marie Studholme, Mr. Cosmo Lennox, and M. Malini, the celebrated conjurer, have kindly promised their assistance. Various dances will be arranged by Mrs. Wordsworth and Madame Katti Lanner, and there will be a display of fencing arranged by Lord Howard de Walden.

Messrs. Jimenez and Lamothe, of Malaga and Manzanares, purveyors by appointment to the King of Spain, who have, by the way, a London dépôt at 16, Jewry Street, E.C., have just issued a most interesting booklet, entitled "Notes on Brandy: Its Production, Uses, and Adulterations." Those interested should lose no time in writing for a copy. The firm point out that Spanish brandy is especially desirable—"It fortunately happens that owing to a wise provision of the Spanish Inland Revenue regulations the distillers of genuine grape brandy in that country are protected from fraudulent competition



A WEEK-END COTTAGE IN A FURNITURE SHOW-ROOM: MESSRS. OETZMANN'S £200 SPECIMEN COTTAGE IN THEIR HAMPSTEAD ROAD PREMISES.

Messrs. Oetzmann estimate the cost of building a cottage similar to the one shown at £200, and the actual cost of furnishing at 45 guineas.



IRELAND AS A HOLIDAY RESORT: DUNLUCE CASTLE, PORTRUSH.



IRELAND AS A HOLIDAY RESORT: THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY—THE HONEYCOMB.

Photographs by the Photocrome Company.

Midland Railway Company's arrangements. He cannot do better than make a start by spending a few days in the Peak district, visiting Castleton, with its caverns; Haddon Hall, with its memories of Dorothy Vernon; and Chatsworth. He could visit also, and this more especially if he be interested in local government, the new reservoirs near the Derwent Head which will furnish Derby, Sheffield, and other cities with pure drinking-water, and Matlock Bath, the Switzerland of England. Then he can journey to Heysham, ten years ago little more than a popular watering-place on Morecambe Bay, now the starting-point of the Midland's new express route to Belfast and the North of Ireland. From Heysham, turbine and twin-screw

by a prohibitive import duty which has been placed on all spirits not derived from the grape, this regulation practically prohibiting the introduction of potato or grain spirit, and even the distillation of alcohol from bodies other than the grape in Spain itself." Messrs. Jimenez and Lamothe have arranged for the importation of their brandy into the United Kingdom and Colonies in bottles under conditions which assure its entire and unquestionable purity, and give with each bottle an express guarantee that it is the unmodified product of the distillation of the fermented juice of the grape distilled in pot stills in the same manner as cognac brandies in the past, and that no colouring matter, flavourings, or essences have been employed in its manufacture.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 29.

MONEY AND THE MARKETS.

THE Budget was a disappointment to the market, as its remission of taxation will help no one except, perhaps, some of the smaller South Wales railways, but the real disturbing cause has been the money position, which has been so precarious that it was with a sigh of relief that the rise of the Bank Rate to the old 4 per cent. was received. Consols actually rose upon the announcement, as it was feared that, if the move were longer delayed, even higher figures would be necessary in the near future. The drain of gold to New York had so far further weakened the Bank's position that the rise could hardly have been long delayed with the ratio of reserve to liabilities down to 38.76 per cent. compared with 47.56 per cent. a year ago, when a 2½ per cent. rate was in force. If 4 per cent. will not altogether stop the American drain, it will at least divert a good part of it to the Continental centres, and so, let us hope, prove effectual.

AMERICAN RAILS.

Bears of Yankees who neglected to take their profits, what time the market was so acutely flat upon the stiffness of money rates in New York, are likely to regret the delay. There is much spring left in the market, in spite of the heavy liquidation forced, cleverly enough, by an organised raid upon one stock after another in Wall Street, where the absence of jobbers is a factor that plays into the hands of manipulators with money and nerve. But as for the American Market being entirely dislocated for more than a very brief period by the necessities of the Money Market, the idea seems improbable enough to those who have followed the way in which the shares are supported upon any substantial break. We hinted last week at the possibility of the drop, which swiftly came, and the turmoil through which the market has passed during the account is responsible for rumours of trouble within the Stock Exchange at the settlement on Friday. Nothing heavy need be expected in the way of failures, and notwithstanding the violent fluctuations in prices, it may be taken for granted that if the hammer should unfortunately be requisitioned, it will do the market no harm. In short, the innate strength of Yankees leads us to the conclusion that there will be an upward swing of the pendulum sufficient to take prices back to levels not much below those which ruled before the break came, on the 'Frisco news.

A CURE FOR KAFFIRS.

To all intents and purposes, the Kaffir Circus is outside the range of those markets in which the public takes any interest. At the present time the outlook remains gloomy, and we need hardly catalogue the various causes which hang over the market. Rather is it profitable to attempt inquiry into the source whence strength may be expected to return to the luckless Kaffir Circus. Once the Chinese labour question became a plank in political platforms, the gold industry, as can now be seen, was degraded from being a business-like, paying proposition, into a mere means for party strife. And as, when dissensions arise on the board of an Industrial company, the market in the particular shares becomes shy and narrow, so will a whole section of the Stock Exchange "dry up," in House colloquialism, if its very *raison d'être* is the signal for bitter faction and incessant jangles. Politics and cranks between them have finished the work commenced by the greed of a few voracious big houses in the Kaffir Circus. Were this not a party question, surely it would have been an easy matter long ago so to modify the offending Ordinance in such manner as to meet all the objections levelled against it on the charge of slavery. Nobody wants the least taint of slavery to prevail in this liberty-loving Empire, nor can it seem reasonable, to any except fanatics, that vast amounts of British capital should be sunk in some industry which cannot be pursued because labour is lacking. It ought not to be such a very difficult matter for some change to be made in the Ordinance that shall meet with general approval, and to this end it seems to us that statesmen, professional and amateur, should direct energies now mainly employed in the invention of hard names and insulting epithets to be heaped upon the other party.

THE ARGENTINE LAND DIVIDEND.

The Argentine Land and Investment Company has announced a final dividend on the Preference shares of 4s. per share, making a total distribution for the year of 6s., as against 4s. 6d. last year. This fully justifies all I have said about them, and should prove very satisfactory to the shareholders. At the present price of £4½, the return is £6 13s. 4d. per cent., while at £5 the shares would still return 6 per cent. After the payment of this dividend, the arrears of interest on the Preference shares will still amount to 26s. 6d. per share, and the Preference shareholders may rely on receiving the whole of this in course of time. At the time of writing the report has not been issued, and I may return to the subject on a later occasion. Q.

May 5, 1906.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Now that's a nuisance," said Our Stroller, fumbling in his pockets. "I've left my other eyes at the hotel."

"Let me see," and his wife took the *Westminster* from his hands. "What price was it you wanted to look at?"

"London Motor Omnibus shares; we came down part of the way in one of their vehicles, and I was anxious to—can't you find it?"

His wife declared positively that it wasn't amongst American and Canadian Railways, anyway.

"Isn't there a heading called 'Miscellaneous'?"

"Ah, I've got it. London Motor 'Bus, forty-nine-a-half, fifty-one half. Are you satisfied?"

"Must have gone up then," mused Our Stroller. "Are you sure you looked at the right figures?"

"Of course I did," was the half-indignant response. "Look for yourself. Oh, wait a— Perhaps I was looking at Lon. City and M. Bk, whatever *that* is."

"I expect so," said her worser half.

"Here we are. One five-sixteen, one seven-sixteen. How can a thing be two prices at the same time? Very silly, isn't it?"

Her husband cordially assented. "My broker will explain it," he said. "Come and be introduced. Why not? Oh, well, of course, if you insist—Cabby!"

"You must be very cautious, then," observed the broker. "This motor-omnibus business is being awfully overdone."

"What about these Vanguard shares?"

"Best of the lot, perhaps. But even there you can't tell how depreciation's going to pan out."

"It's a smallish capital, though."

"That is one of the best features about the concern. Yet the 6 per cent. Preference shares stand at a discount, and that doesn't look as though investors had vast faith in the shares, does it?"

"Just by way of having a finger in the pie, will you buy me a hundred Ordinary? I believe the middle price is somewhere near twenty-seven and six."

"That's right. I don't think these will do you any harm at all, but I do strongly advise you to wait a bit before touching anything else in the motor-'bus line."

They went into the street together, and Our Stroller stayed on the kerb while his friend went to buy the Vanguards.

Several little knots of men stood chatting, mostly to various brokers who cultivate the kerbstone trade.

"When will you put it in the paper?" he heard one individual ask another. "I want the thing published before contango-day, you know."

The man addressed made no reply beyond a long, lazy wink.

"Oh, *that's* all right," the first declared, with a trace of nettled anger. "You needn't be afraid about it. Just because you happen to be City Editor of one of the biggest daily papers in—"

The Stroller was listening too unguardedly, and the twain turned away at once.

"Ninety is my price for Bays," remarked a voice close by. "At ninety—"

"Sell you fifty," laughed a broker.

"You *shall* sell me fifty one day; and at ninety," was the retort. "It won't be long in coming, either."

"Right, Sir. Take your limit," and the broker put it down in his book.

"They've fallen in sympathy with Yankees, and will go up again with Yankees. The shares are worth fully a hundred pounds apiece, and—"

The speaker turned away with a gesture of amused horror at the handful of live tortoises thrust under his nose, and The Stroller also declined to buy at "a bob a time." He fell into a discussion upon Home Railway stocks.

"Rottenest Government this benighted country was ever cursed with," and the orator delivered his words with unction. "No; let Home Rails alone. They'll go worse."

"Even if the Bank Rate fell?"

"Oh, that's another pair of boots, rather—what?"

"Would you praise the Government if prices improved?"

"Praise this Government?" The speaker mingled sorrow with his pain. "Great Jupiter Caesar! Do I *look* like a ramping, red-flagged Radical? Didn't I—?"

"Oh, yes. Sold your cuff-links and collar-stud to support the Conservatives at the last election. I heard all about it from Brown."



ROBINSON DEEP MAIN INCLINE SHAFT.

"What's that? Brown?" Why, he's the Lib— Excuse me, I'm going to see Brown for one moment."

"Then I must not buy Home Rails," soliloquised Our Stroller, with an inward chuckle.

"I've been hunting for you everywhere," his broker reproached him. "Can you give a thirty-second more for those Vanguard's? Right. I think you will get them at your own price by waiting."

"Much going on?" asked our friend.

"No. Consols dullish for choice, Railways easier on Consols. Yankees over parity, as usual. Trunks and Mexican Rails steady. Anglo A a shade off. Nothing doing in Kaffirs or Westralians. West Africans dead."

"Comprehensive," was The Stroller's compliment, eliciting an elaborate bow.

"Ever going to buck up again?" and he nodded at the main entrance to the House.

The broker shrugged his shoulders. "That 'Frisco business has done us a lot of harm," said he. "Oh, by the way, d'you want a decent speculative investment?"

"For nothing?" laughed Our Stroller.

"Next door to it. Associated Portland Cement $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Preference at 7. Ten pound shares. Just the thing for you."

"For why?"

"Because there's a sort of a kind of a cement shortage in the United States now, and San Francisco alone will want immense blocks of cement."

"How about the foreign-made stuff?"

"To begin with, ours is better; and, to go on with, the demand will exceed the supply."

"Speculative."

"You dear old fellow, you can't get 8 per cent. on your money without a certain degree of risk."

"Oh, yes, of course; I recognise that."

"And buy Mexican Rails—First Preference, Second Preference, and Ordinary. And—"

Had it not been for the united efforts of three small boys, one disputed mouth-organ, and a brace of City policemen, the sentence might possibly have been finished. As it was, it was not.

A GOOD 5 PER CENT. BOND.

The Mexican Consolidated Electric Company, which is offering 7,500,000 dollars of 5 per cent. bonds through the Bank of Scotland at £93 10s. for each 500-dollar bond, or at a trifle under 93½, seems to present one of those opportunities which so many of our readers are seeking to get—nearly 5½ per cent. for their money, with reasonable safety. The Company is a Canadian one, with Sir W. C. Van Horne, of Canadian-Pacific fame, among the directors, and with its whole surroundings, both in this country and in Canada, most "high-toned," to use a well-known colloquialism of our Yankee friends. The Company acquires the control of 160 miles of electric, steam, and animal traction tram-lines in the City of Mexico and surrounding districts, and the actual revenue for the last four years, with an estimate for the current year, is given, showing a surplus of £89,000, after providing for the interest on the bonds now offered. At the issue price the return is nearly 5½ per cent., and Mexico is so prosperous and improving a country that the revenue of the tramways may be expected to go up by leaps and bounds. The issue has been underwritten for a commission in ordinary shares of the Company, and the bonds present one of those fairly secured progressive investments which careful people may well put away with every reasonable prospect of getting good interest and an appreciation of capital value in the course of the next few years.

Saturday, May 5, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SASSENACH.—The bank you inquire about is a money-lending, bill-of-sale concern, and would not be good enough to deposit our money in. No bank doing a legitimate business could pay such interest. If you want 5 per cent. buy Foreign, American, and General Investment Trust Deferred stock, or Alberta Railway 5 per cent. Debentures.

A. E.—The Broken Hill shares are all right. The future depends not so much on the price of silver as of lead and zinc. Write to the office and ask for a copy of the last report; but prices then were not what they are to-day. We don't believe in Kaffirs or Rhodesians with the present party in power. With no Chinese labour and the Boers ruling the country, how can you expect improvement?

"OWNER LPOOL."—See last answer. The Diamond shares we have no belief in, apart from the generally unsatisfactory position. We should prefer Lancefields or Cosmopolitans to the Kaffirs you suggest.

ROMENY.—(1) Fairly good, but you cannot expect absolute security with the interest these Debentures yield. (2) We think well of the Railway stock, especially as a speculative investment to hold. (3) Yes. All depends on the price of lead and zinc for the next year or so. You should read the special articles in the *Financial Times*, beginning on the 4th inst. (4) The Mexican Railway we should sell, but the Argentine can safely be held.

YORKE.—(1) No. (2) We know of no inside broker who would do business on the lines named. (3) The concern is said to be doing better, and as you have seen the shares through such bad times you might as well hold on.

VENTIS SECUNDIS.—We consider the dressmaking shares a speculative industrial, not a safe investment. The other shares are so low now that if they were our own we should hold for a rise, although it will probably be a long time coming.

DONEGAL.—(1) We think Zinc Corporations a good purchase. (2) The River Plate Agency have so many ways of using money that the prosperity of the Argentine will probably help them. (3) The scheme has been carried out, and the shares are a good purchase. Most things have fallen lately.

PECUNIA.—We are sorry we cannot answer all your questions. Both Mines are speculative. It is not necessary to employ a broker. Send the transfer, duly stamped with 2s. 6d. registration fee, to the London office, 65, London Wall, E.C. We refuse to guess as to the dividends.

DIAMOND.—The *Statist* may suit you.

AIMING.—We have no special information as to the Company. The dividend is just out, and probable holders think there is no more to go for. The market is certainly a bad one.

BARTON.—The capital of the Company is £50,000, in shares of half-a-crown each. The profits with a ten-head battery are from £350 to £400 a month. Unless capital can be raised it will take all these profits for a long time to put up the extra twenty-head with cyanide plant which has been purchased. The Cornish mine is undoubtedly making profits, but its future depends on the price of tin. Camp Birds we consider good if you can wait.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Chester Cup will take some winning, but, from the latest I have been told, I think Harmony Hall has Feather Bed to fear. Some of the other races at Chester may be won by the following: Prince of Wales's Welter, Songcraft; City Selling Plate, Dædalus; Badminton Plate, Beattie; Dee Stand Plate, First Crop; Stewards' Plate, River; Stamford Plate, Polar Star; Wynn Plate, Tarantelle gelding; Combermere Handicap, Eageress; Great Cheshire Handicap, Tankard; Dee Stakes, Gressoney colt; Earl of Chester's Welter, Laila; Ormonde Plate, Vermont. There should be a huge crowd at Kempton, where some of the following may run well: Westminster Handicap, Golden Measure; Manor Plate, Ramrod; Stewards' Handicap, Holme Lacy; Spring Two-Year-Old Plate, Prodigy; River Handicap, Crescent; Shepperton Handicap, Red Wing II. gelding; Trial Handicap, Bishops court; Sunningdale Plate, Cadwal; May Auction Plate, Miss St. Leger. I like Best Light for the Jubilee, with Donnetta and Ambition the danger.



DUNLOP TYRES

For Cycles and Motors